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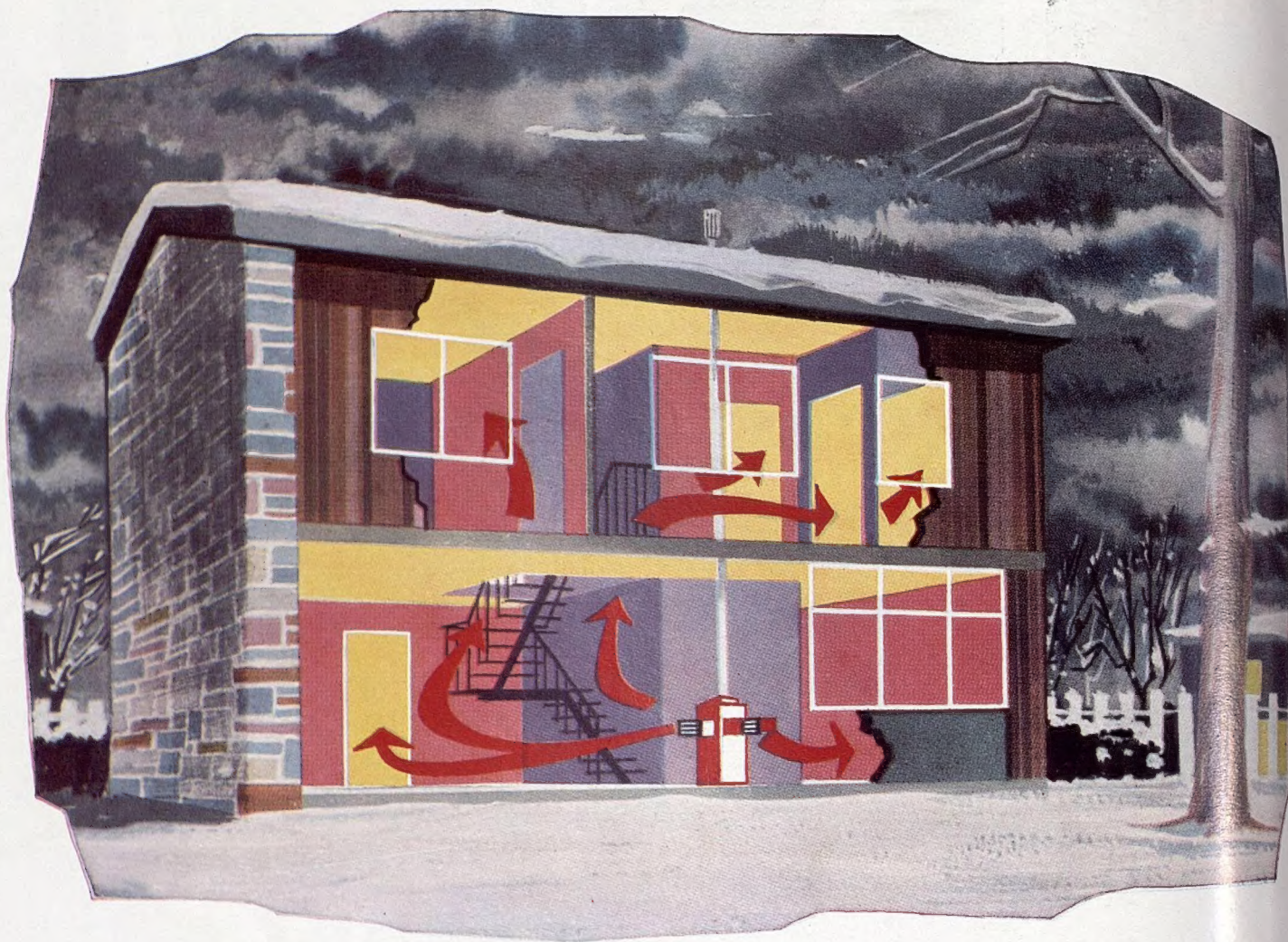
TATLER

OCTOBER 8 1958

BYSTANDER (2/-)

RETURN TO ARMENIA

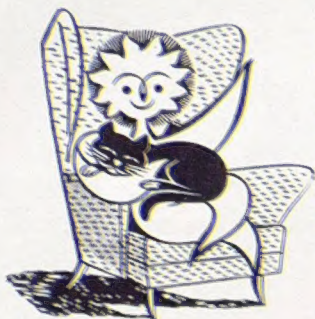
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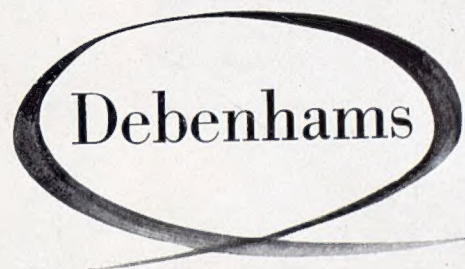
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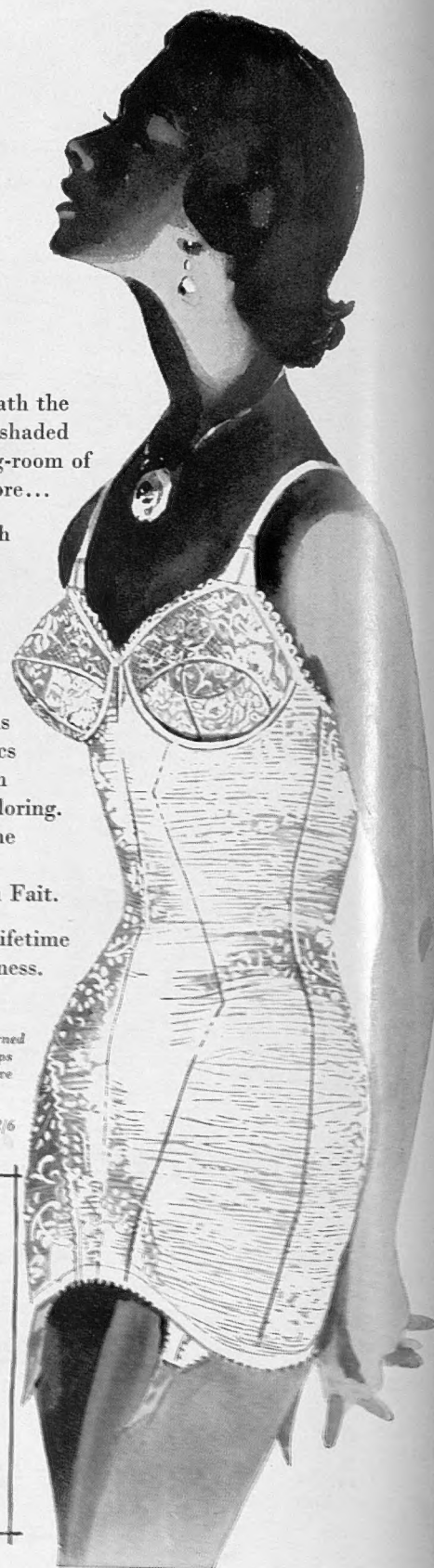
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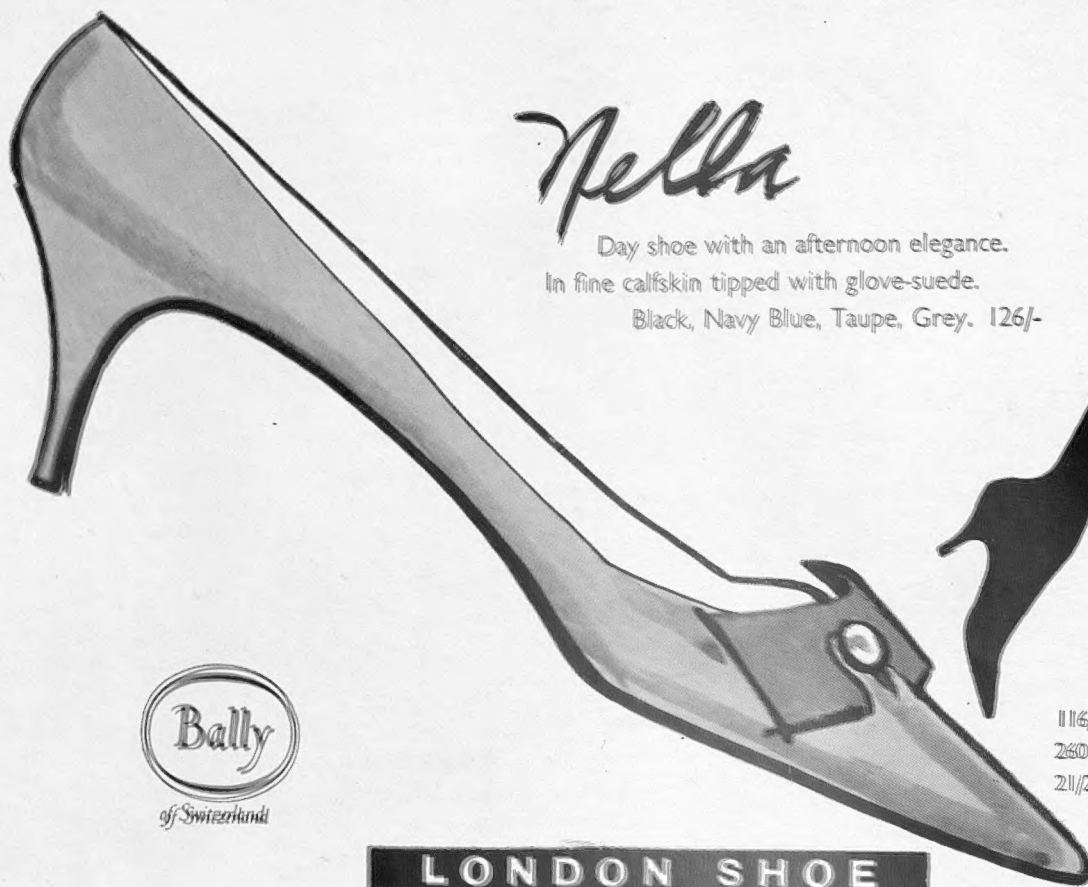
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P.48b



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(Right)

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WHERE *to go*... WHAT *to see*

Planning your programme

BY ANDREW HALL

REGARDED as the most notable pre-Christmas date in their diary by international collectors, the Autumn Antique Fair at Chelsea Town Hall (8-18 October) caters for the connoisseur. But collecting antiques is not exclusively for the well-to-do; it is a hobby and an investment well within the means of most men and their wives. With the exception of a few articles everything is for sale, and this happy hunting ground is to be opened, appropriately, by Mr. A. E. Matthews, the veteran actor who championed craftsmanship when he made a determined stand against the erection of a modern lamp standard outside his home.

Why the London Nursing Exhibition at Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, W.1 (13-17 October) is not open to the general public I fail to understand, for it appears to be of general interest and promises to be outstanding this year.

However, for members of the nursing, medical and midwifery professions admission is free, and they may feast their eyes on a variety of priceless prints, ranging from a 14th-century amputation and the extraction of an arrowhead, to an Indian witch doctor at work

and Goya's "A Military Hospital" which was considered too shocking and horrible even to be published during his life. It all sounds enormous fun but hardly worth becoming a midwife to see.

On the 9th October Yehudi Menuhin and the London Philharmonic Orchestra are conducted in a concert (8 p.m.) by William Steinberg. On 14 October Mr. Menuhin joins his wife Hephzibah,

who plays the piano, for another concert (8 p.m.). In between, on the 12th (at 3 p.m.) Douglas Kennedy compères singers and players from all parts of the British Isles in a concert of British Folk Music. All these concerts take place at the Royal Festival Hall.

There is also the Horse of the Year Show at Harringay (7-11 October) for those without television.



THE TATLER TEAM TIPS

(from recent contributions):

Endorsed eating

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

The Ritz, Piccadilly. "One of the last strongholds of peace; quiet, first-class and with silent service. No need to lose your nerve... wine is sold *en carafe*. The menu is what you would expect and includes... everything..."

The Yangtze, Kensington High Street. "Only been open for a week or so. It is gay and bright, has all the drinks you want (provided you are eating)."

The Universal, St. Martin's Lane. "A brand new Chinese restaurant... bright, clean and simple with cheerful service and excellent food at reasonable prices."

Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

Irma La Douce (Lyric Theatre). "Amusing piece of frivolity... a sentimental fantasy. Miss Elizabeth Seal works... with sympathetic vivacity."

My Fair Lady (Drury Lane Theatre). "Every bit as good as it was cracked up to be. Stanley Holloway a mainstay of enjoyment. Julie Andrews spirited and beautiful... sings charmingly. But it is Rex Harrison's evening."

Living For Pleasure (Garriek Theatre). "A good revue. Miss Dora Bryan... brings home the laughter. Mr. Addinsell's music is agreeable."

Fancied films

BY ELSPETH GRANT

The Cranes Are Flying. "A beautifully directed film... which was awarded the Grand Prix at the Cannes International Film Festival this year. The subtle and poignant performance of Tatiana Samoilova fully merits the individual award she won."

The Night Of The Storm. "Rivets... round-eyed attention... has an air of belonging to the pre-talkie era. The stars include Billi Palmer and Ivan Desny."



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The BATLER

BYSTANDER

XXX. No. 2987

October 1958

SHILLINGS



Ida Kar

PERSONALITY

Lions to lunch

CHRISTINA FOYLE is a woman for whom books and good talk occupy a large part of life. Daughter of William Foyle and a director of the Charing Cross road book empire which he founded with his brother, she launched the first of her Literary Luncheons in 1930 when she was 19. Since when they have become as established and regular a feature of the London scene as the Changing of the Guard—and upon occasion as colourful.

For lions of the world of politics, philosophy and the theatre, as well as those of literature, flock to her luncheons and Miss Foyle has been hostess to speakers as diverse as George Bernard Shaw, Schnozzle Durante,

the Emperor of Ethiopia, Dylan Thomas, Evelyn Waugh, Earl Attlee, Tommy Trinder, Lord Russell and Randolph Churchill.

October is a particularly busy month with a luncheon this week for Ian Suyin, author of *The Mountain is Young*, another on the 31st for Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery, whose memoirs are being published following his retirement as Deputy Supreme Commander, Europe.

Foyles Book Club (founded with her father in 1937), a lecture agency, a publishing house and an art gallery are among her other successful activities.

She married Mr. Ronald Batty in 1938 and her home is at Cold Norton, Essex.

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Elton—Tilney (left): Miss Anne Frances Tilney, eldest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Tilney, of The Hall, Sutton Bonington, near Loughborough, married the Hon. Rodney Elton, son of Lord & Lady Elton, Adderbury, nr. Banbury, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Winn—Haigh-Thomas (right): Miss Alice Alexandra Haigh-Thomas, daughter of Lady Alexandra Haigh-Thomas, of Harbridge House, Ringwood, and Mr. P. Haigh-Thomas, of Greenfields, Shiplake, married Mr. Mark Winn, son of the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Winn, Manor House, Whitwell-on-the-Hill, Yorks, and the late Hon. Cecil Winn, at Ellingham Church, near Ringwood



Brooking—Spice: Miss Maureen C. Spice, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. G. Spice, of Hartley Wintney, Hants, married Mr. Antony C. Brooking, son of Mr. & Mrs. A. W. Brooking, of Wrens, Hook, Hants, at Hartley Wintney

Ghergo—Upson: Miss Gillian Upson, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. H. Upson, The Walled House, Tangier Road, Guildford, married Signor Giorgio A. G. Ghergo, of Rome, at St. John the Baptist Church, Wonerh



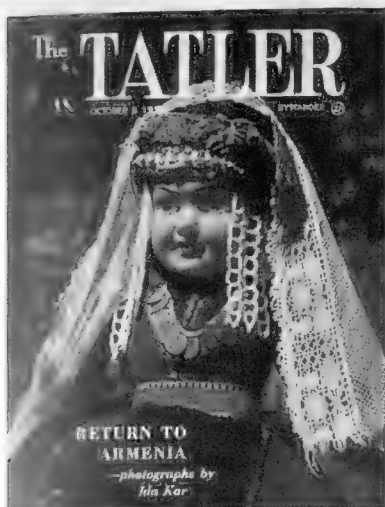
Howden—Wilmott: Miss Penelope Wilmott, daughter of Major & Mrs. B. N. Wilmott, of Blue Haze, Craigweil Drive, Aldwick, married Mr. Timothy Howden, son of Mr. P. A. Howden & Mrs. I. M. Howden, Little Kimble, Aylesbury, at St. Richard's, Aldwick, Bognor Regis



Verelst—Champenois: Mlle. Christiane Champenois, daughter of M. Etienne Champenois, Counsellor at the Belgian Embassy, & Mme. Champenois, married Dr. Jean Verelst, only son of Mr. & Mrs. C. Verelst, Brussels, at St. Mary's Church, Cadogan Street, London



Preece—Williams: Miss Tessa Williams, daughter of Mr. Francis Williams, Q.C., & Mrs. Williams, of Llys Meirchion, Denbigh, married Mr. Michael John Stewart Preece, eldest son of Col. & Mrs. James Preece, Trentham, Staffs, at St. Sadwrn's, Henllan



IN ARMENIAN COSTUME, this doll is typical of souvenirs sold to tourists in every country. The pictures on **pages 75-77** include one showing how the costume looks on the real thing. They also portray vividly the people and the life of this Soviet republic. Also in this issue: Priscilla's report from Paris (**page 74**), B. A. Young on pitting goes against the grain for a lady (**page 78**), and on **pages 80-81** pictures of Harewood House where the Queen will be a guest next week



At the Irish bloodstock sales at Ballsbridge, Dublin. Princess Sadruddin and Mr. Nesbit Waddington with Prince Sadruddin standing behind his wife. Prince Sadruddin bought a yearling for her. (More pictures on p. 69)

C. C. Fennell

SOCIAL JOURNAL

I go to a wedding in North Wales

by JENNIFER

What's happening to hats

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE: the Paris touch at the top—a fashion feature on this season's hats. Also: **Audrey Russell** writes on the forthcoming opening of Parliament—a historic occasion this year, when women life-peers will for the first time take their seats, and for the first time TV will be there too. In another article **Peter Townend** will trace what has become 40 years after of the Russian families exiled by the revolution

I RETURNED from a holiday in Italian sunshine to find a full list of engagements for the autumn, including many weddings. The first of these I went to was a country one in North Wales. The bridegroom was Mr. Michael Preece, eldest son of Col. & Mrs. James Preece of Trentham, Staffordshire, and his bride was Miss Tessa Williams, second daughter of Mr. Francis Williams, Q.C., the Recorder of Chester, and Mrs. Williams, J.P., of Llys Meirchion, Denbigh. They were married by the Bishop of St. Asaph assisted by the Rev. D. A. Griffith in St. Sadwrn's, Hennlan, where the bride's mother and some of the members of the Women's Institute had arranged the flowers superbly. Mrs. Williams had also done vases of autumn flowers at Lys Meirchion, where the reception was held.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a classical wedding dress of white silk grosgrain, and her family Malines lace veil was held in place by her mother's diamond tiara. She was attended by two children, Perena Jane Evans & Louise Corrigan, and four older bridesmaids, Miss Antonia & Miss Victoria Williams, Miss Rose Mary Preece & Miss Laurelie Williams. They all wore long white taffeta dresses with red sashes and white velvet bands in their hair.

The bridegroom's parents received the guests with the bride's parents at the reception. They included the bride's aunt, Lady Lyle of Westbourne, with Lord Lyle, who is also the bride's godfather and proposed the

health of the young couple after they had cut their wedding cake. Others there were her uncle Sir Adrian Jarvis, the Dowager Lady Williams Wynn, Elizabeth Lady Williams Wynn, Sir Watkin & Lady Williams Wynn, Sir Richard & Lady Williams Bulkeley, the bridegroom's brother Mr. Patrick Preece, and Mr. Colin McCay who was best man. Also: Mrs. Lawrence Williams, Major & Mrs. Ivan Lynch and their son Francis, Mr. & Mrs. Pearson, Brigadier & Mrs. Hugh Mainwaring, the Hon. Mrs. Peter Hotham, Sir William & Lady Scott, and Mr. & Mrs R. L. Williams.

Guests saw the many beautiful presents on view in the dining-room, an arrangement seldom observed at weddings now. The bride wore a lilac-coloured tweed suit and little velvet hat when they left for their honeymoon in Italy and Cannes.

Honeymoon—then Canada

Another pretty country wedding took place at Camberley when Mr. Hugo McCarthy, son of Brigadier C. D. McCarthy of Lyford Cay, Bahamas, & Mrs. McCarthy of Bathford, Bath, married Miss Patricia Thomas, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H. N. Thomas. The bride, who wore a white brocade dress, was attended by two child bridesmaids, Pauline & Sarah Josey, in long pink and white dresses, and four older bridesmaids, Miss Angela McCarthy, Miss Patricia Methold, Miss Catherine Fitzmaurice and Miss Wendy Rotherham in short dresses of blue *peau de*



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Other People's Babies

Photographs by Barry Swaebe



CHARLES (2) and FIONA (4), children of the Hon. Edmund & Mrs. Ironside, Chignal St. James, nr. Chelmsford



ANTHONY, two years, youngest son of Sir Robert & Lady Hobart, Gatcombe Park, Isle of Wight



CHARLES, year-old son of the Hon. Colin & Lady Anne Tennant, Rutland Cottage, Rutland Gardens, S.W.7. The Hon. C. Tennant is Lord Glenconner's heir

soie. Mr. John Mare was the best man.

After the ceremony, which took place in St. Paul's Church, the bride's parents gave a reception at their home Stockwood, where they received the guests with the bridegroom's parents. The bride's godfather, Col. R. W. Dobbin, proposed the health of the young couple. When they return from their honeymoon they are to live in Toronto where the bridegroom is working.

Exciting theatre

There were two exciting events in the theatre during the week. First, the opening of Eugene O'Neill's play, *Long Day's Journey Into Night* at the Globe, a powerful piece of theatre, finely acted with Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies and Anthony Quayle in the leading rôles. Dorothy Hyson (Anthony Quayle's wife), Viscountess Bridport, who was flying back to Rome next morning, the Hon. Geoffrey & Mrs. Russell the latter pretty in red satin, Irene Browne, Dr. & Mrs. Leonard Simpson and Lord & Lady Gifford were among the audience.

The following night I thoroughly enjoyed T. S. Eliot's new play *The Elder Statesman* presented and produced by Henry Sherek and directed by Martin Browne at the Cambridge Theatre. This again is extremely well acted with Paul Rogers, Anna Massey, William Squire and Eileen Peel in leading rôles. It was a gay opening night with an interesting audience. The brilliant author, whose works are such a pleasure to listen to, was watching the play from a box with his wife and Mr. Henry & the Hon. Mrs. Sherek.

Meeting in the stalls

In the stalls I met the German Ambassador & Frau von Herwarth, the Earl & Countess of Bessborough and his mother the Dowager Countess of Bessborough, and Mrs. Gilbert Miller who brought a party including Mrs. Peter Laycock and her pretty débutante daughter. Mrs. Miller told me her husband had left for America and she was off the following week to join him, and as usual they hoped to be back in London in the late spring.

Others there were Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, talking on the way out with Sir Jacob and Lady Epstein, who are seldom seen at first nights. Also the Hon. James Smith, Mr. Cecil Beaton, Mr. & Mrs. Morley Kennerley and their pretty daughter Diana,

Lady Cohen, Miss Clara Applegate over from New York, Mr. & Mrs. Gordon Latta, and authors Robert Henrey and Margery Allingham (whose new thriller *Hide My Eyes* had been published that day). The stage and screen were represented by Nigel Patrick and his film star wife, Beatrice Campbell, Donald Sinden and David Tomlinson, also with their wives.

Pictures and dancers

The home of Mr. Francis & Lady Prudence Loudon, Olantigh, near Wye in Kent, made a lovely setting for the dance they gave for their younger daughter Annabella, who was a débutante this year. Guests danced in the picture gallery and sat out in the adjoining large ante-room and other reception rooms. Exquisite flowers, including a number of Japanese chrysanthemums (many of them grown in Mr. Loudon's market garden), were arranged throughout the house. Annabella looked enchanting in a dress of rose-patterned silver brocade shot with pink, and her elder sister Katherine, who was celebrating her 21st birthday that evening, wore a dress of apricot *peau de soie*.

It was an exceptionally happy occasion and went with a tremendous swing. Many of this year's débutantes were there, among them Miss Jane Durant, the Hon. Marilyn Kearley, Miss Allegra Kent Taylor, and Lady Caroline Acheson. Lady Caroline was staying in the house party at Olantigh where other young guests included Melle A. M. de Viel Castel, Mr. Robert Mercer Nairne, Mr. Richard Craven-Smith-Milnes, Mr. Alan Macintosh and Mr. Ian Noble. Lady Prudence's mother the Dowager Viscountess Jellicoe brought a party, and more than 40 friends had house parties or dinner parties for the dance. These included Viscountess Devonport, Lady Mary Findlay, Mrs. Charles Norman, Mrs. Bryan Durant, Mrs. Desmond Henderson, Mrs. Kent Taylor, Lady (Harry) Mackeson, Mrs. John Tennant, Mary Viscountess Allenby, and Mrs. Speed, whose daughter Marietta makes her début next year. (Pictures on page 71).

"Little season" party

The first diplomatic party of the "little season" was the reception given by the German Ambassador & Frau von Herwarth after the opening night of *Marie Stuart*

[Continued on page 70]

Yearling sales in Dublin . . .

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
C. C. FENNELL



Top: Mr. Peter Burrell (manager of the English National Stud) with Captain G. Loder, another English visitor to the sales

Above: The Earl of Harrington (he has just bought the Greenmount Stud, Co. Limerick) with Mrs. Pat Hogan and Mrs. G. Brooke

Top: Mr. James Mullion (centre), the ship owner from Hong Kong, with his wife and Mr. Jack Parr of Athboy, Co. Meath

Above: Mrs. H. J. Ponsonby (she rides with the Tipperary Foxhounds) with Mr. Evan Williams. He is Master of the Tipperary

and Harrow's annual goose match



The match was played against a team of Old Harrovians. Top: Mr. M. T. Turnbull with Mr. M. Tindall, cricket master

Top: Mr. R. F. B. O'Callaghan, of the Harrow Wanderers team, with the Rev. L. Gorse

Top: Members of the Harrow School Cricket XI: P. E. d'Abo, J. C. S. Niebor, M. J. H. Weedon and D. R. J. Foster

Above: Richard Whittle and Richard Hayward, both of whom belong to Rendalls House

Above: Mrs. and Mr. J. W. Thompson with Mr. J. A. Lawton who played for the Old Harrovians

Above: The traditional goose supper. Foreground: Mr. N. M. Ford, former Oxford University and Derbyshire County cricketer

Van Hallan

(Schiller) by the Düsseldorf Playhouse Company at Sadler's Wells Theatre. This German company gave a brilliant performance, well acted and well produced. The audience included Prince Frederick of Prussia and of course the German Ambassador with his wife; the French Ambassador & Mme. Chauvel, the Danish Ambassador & Mme. de Steensen-Leth, the Austrian Ambassador, the Italian Ambassador, Sir William & Lady Hayter and Lord & Lady Grantchester, who all came on to the reception.

This took place in the fine newly-built German Embassy in a corner of Belgrave Square. The von Herwarths, a charming couple who have made a large number of friends here, have decorated and furnished the Embassy with taste, and it will make a superb setting for official parties during the visit of their President Dr. Theodor Heuss later this month. Among others I saw at the reception, where a buffet supper was served, were Viscount Massereene & Ferrard and his lovely wife, Mr. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck, Lady Petrie, Mr. Henry & the Hon. Mrs. Sherek, the Countess of Midleton just back from two months in Italy and the South of France, Mr. & Mrs. Hamish Hamilton, the Hon. James Smith, Sir Basil Bartlett and his daughter Julia, Mr. & Mrs. Theodore Palmers both bronzed after their visit to Ischia, and Herr Dr. Eugen Gürster the Cultural Attaché at the Embassy and his charming wife, who were busy helping to look after the guests.

Wedding barrel organ

A barrel organ played gay tunes outside the Embankment door of the Savoy as guests arrived for the wedding reception of Mr. Kenneth Spence, son of the late Col. P. M. Spence & Mrs. Spence, and Miss Laila Noble, daughter of Sir Andrew Noble our Ambassador in Mexico & Lady Noble. The

Miss Maureen Williamson, fashion editor of The TATLER (she is the daughter of G/Capt. & Mrs. H. Williamson, Newlands Manor, Everton, Hants) married Mr. Owen Hyde-Clarke, designer for Worth in London (he is the son of Mr. & Mrs. G. Hyde-Clarke, Albany Court, Kingston), at Chelsea Register Office

ceremony at St. James's, Piccadilly, had been performed by the Bishop of Willesden assisted by the Rev. J. S. Brewis. The bride was given away by her father and wore a dress of ivory *peau de soie* and lace, and her long tulle veil was held in place by an ivy leaf design diamond tiara. She was attended by a page, Alan Stewart, wearing a replica of the uniform of the Grenadier Guards, and by four child bridesmaids, Rebecca Noble, Bettina Knudtson, Penny Eyre and Susan Taylor in long white organdie dresses with gold sashes and head-dresses. The four older bridesmaids, Miss Clarissa Caccia (the pretty daughter of our Ambassador in Washington), Miss Penny Knowles, Miss Celia Daniell and Miss Jane Knudtson also wore white organdie dresses, with gold sashes and short veils held in place by gold bows. Mr. Bryan Montgomery was best man.

The bride's mother looked chic in a brown velvet suit and hat to match, and the bridegroom's mother in a printed blue dress. I met the bride's gay grandmother, Amie Lady Noble, who was in brown lace, the Duchess of Argyll who is a neighbour of the Noble family in Scotland, her daughter the Duchess of Rutland, General Sir Frederick & Lady Browning making one of their rare appearances at a social function in London, Baroness Hoyningen Huene who was just off to New York for a few weeks on her way to her home in Mexico, General & Mrs. Stone (she had just arrived from America that morning), Capt. Charles & Lady Clare King, and Capt. Michael Parker, R.N.

I fly to Le Touquet

Taking off from Croydon in a Dove of Morton Air Services I landed 40 minutes later at Le Touquet, which was bathed in autumn sunshine. I arrived in the middle of the morning, when visitors were sitting out on the terrace of the Westminster, and outside the Club de la Forêt where everyone visits Flavio for a meal when they stay or pass through the town (the Duke and Duchess of Rutland called in for lunch on their way back from their honeymoon recently). Others were just leaving for a round of golf and a few were off to the tennis courts, while some, I heard, had only just returned from the Casino where play was in some cases very high that weekend and had gone on until 10.30 each morning. Although at Le Touquet the weather in June, July and August has been poor, as in this country and elsewhere in Northern France, they have enjoyed a wonderful September with weeks of continuous sunshine. Now the hotels are closing until Easter, which next year falls on the last weekend of March.

I talked to M. Abecassis, who has done so much to bring Le Touquet back to its pre-war standard, with prices a good deal lower than in some parts of France, and he told me

Princess Felicitas Caecilie von Preussen, daughter of Wilhelm of Prussia (he is the son of the Crown Prince), married Herr Dinnies von der Osten, in Bonn



that among improvements to be carried out this winter will be the modernizing and redecorating of another floor of the Westminster Hotel. Among the guests enjoying the final weekend here were Lord & Lady Weeks (who visit the town several times every year), the Hon. Lionel & Lady Helen Berry, Major James Dance, M.P., and his attractive wife, Mr. John Holbech, Major W. H. Mackenzie, and Mrs. Vernon Tate, who had spent several weeks here. She was talking to Brigadier & Mrs. Hawkins who have a villa in Le Touquet as well as a farm in Kenya where they spend their winters. Mr. Bobbie & the Hon. Mrs. Burns were two more regulars enjoying the final weekend and I saw Mrs. Sydney Loder, Mrs. Stewart-Brown, Lord Sherbourne sitting talking to Mr. Cyril Ackroyd, and Mr. & Mrs. Alexandre Orloff talking to Mme. Abecassis who looked chic in Balenciaga's long black corded cotton dress. Also: Mrs. Ronald Bowes-Lyon, Mr. John Slesinger, Lord Robert Bingham who was over with a party of young friends, Americans Mr. Frankovitch, Mr. Richard Davies, and Mr. Max Spiegel (all personalities of the film world) and Mr. E. Silvers from Texas. Other visitors to Le Touquet a little earlier were Mr. & Mrs. Nubar Gulbenkian—he played golf energetically each day—Mr. & Mrs. Henry Tiarks, Mr. & Mrs. Anthony Kimmins and Sir Cyril & Lady Salmon.

Many of those I have mentioned flew by Morton Air Services from Croydon and those who took their cars came by Silver City from Lydd. It is hoped by all of us who use Croydon airport frequently, not only for Le Touquet but for charter planes on internal flights, that this invaluable airport so close to London will not be closed.

The Queen to see première

I met Lady Marks, wife of Sir Simon Marks, one of our most able industrialists, who told me that with the Marchioness of Downshire she is working hard for the success of the première of the new Danny Kaye film, *Me And The Colonel*, at which the Queen and Prince Philip will be present. This is to take place at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square, on 27 October in aid of the British Empire Cancer Campaign of which the Queen is Patron. Lady Marks told me they hope to raise £30,000 as the result of the evening. Tickets from the Organizer, *Me And The Colonel*, c/o Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square, W.C.2.





Lady Prudence Loudon gave a coming-out dance for their daughter Miss Anna-bella Loudon at Olantigh, Wye, in Kent. Left : Mr. & Mrs. Michael Graham. Centre : Mr. Jeremy Bradford with Miss Miranda Smiley, a débutante. Right : Lady Prudence Loudon and her daughter Miss Annabella Loudon



Mr. Peter Mullins (he has just left Cambridge) and Miss Deborah Jowitt

Miss Caroline Cuthbert (she is a débutante) and Mr. Angus Wolfe-Murray



Miss Guy Chamberlin gave a dance for her daughters Miss Meloppe and Miss Susan Chamberlin (above, with Mr. Chamberlin) at their home, Shefford House, nr. Newbury.

Below : Miss Gina Hill-Wood and Mr. Nicholas Beddard



Desmond O'Neill



Miss Prudence Towers with Lt. Alec Rose, R.N., and Captain Michael Perkins



Miss Judy Crawford and Lord Montgomerie



Miss Allegra Kent-Taylor and Mr. Charles Acland

A. V. Swaebø

Wedding in Mayfair

with 400 guests



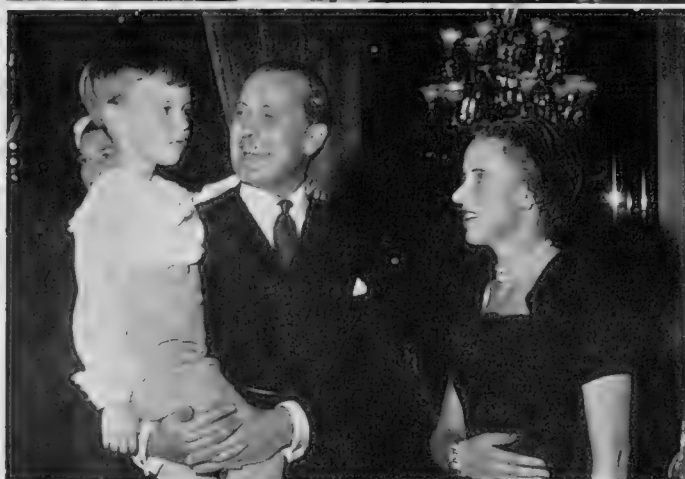
Miss Alison Glover married Mr. James D. Spooner, son of, the late Vice-Admiral E. J. Spooner, at St. George's, Hanover Square



The bride's parents, Mr. & Mrs. Gerald Glover, of Pytchley House, Pytchley, Northamptonshire, with the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Megan Spooner, Addison Grove, London, W.4



The Marchioness of Northampton, with her daughters Lady Judith Compton & Lady Elizabeth Compton



Captain & Mrs. Michael Hodges with their son Michael Hodges who was one of the three pages

A. V. Swaebbe



RETURNING Eleven-year-old Prince Hassan of Jordan, younger brother of Jordan's King Hussein, flew back to London after his holiday in Zurich. He was travelling to Summerfield School, Hastings, for the new term



Clayton Farr

RECORDING The Hon. Mrs. Fairfax-Lucy, daughter of the late Lord Tweedsmuir, novelist John Buchan, has written a history of the Lucy family, *Charlecote And The Lucys* (O.U.P.). Her brother-in-law, Sir Montgomerie Fairfax-Lucy, presented Charlecote (home of the Lucys for 800 years) to the National Trust in 1946



NEWS PORTRAITS

APPOINTMENT The new Dutch Ambassador in London, Baron Adolph Bentinck van Sonnheten, brought with him his wife and 11-year-old daughter, Henriette. They are staying at a Knightsbridge hotel while negotiations are being carried out at their official residence in Palace Green, Kensington.



ABROAD Miss Pat Hornsby-Smith, under-secretary of State at the Home Office, was one of the principal speakers in Washington at the annual conference of the Women's Advisory Committee of Civil and Defence Mobilization. With her is Bertha Adkins, U.S. under-secretary for Health, Education & Welfare.

PRISCILLA IN PARIS . . . A MONTHLY REPORT

LA PLUME MAN

TAKES A BARREL

TO NEW YORK

the swing gets

two customers

from a see-saw

MAUPASSANT

LOSES TO THE

MUSIC HALL

PARIS is looking her most golden self. The well-tended parks and gardens are ablaze with late summer blooms and although timorous souls may imagine Algerian terrorists to be hiding in the flower beds I can assure them that they are wrong to believe all they read in the sensational press. Our perennially gay city lives up to her reputation and the general sentiment is still: "Ain't we got fun?"

Fun certainly at the farewell party given by Robert (La Plume de ma Tante) Dhery and Colette Brosset. The famous "Branquignols" are opening in the States at the end of October and the souvenir of this last party ought to remain with them for the duration even if they stay in New York as long as they did in London. It took place at the quai de Bercy where the city wine cellars are to be found and where, sometimes, the gutters may be said to "run with wine!" (Staves do burst and vats have been known to leak!) Even the smell of that quarter of Paris goes to your head as you drive through it. The guests were fêted, as was fitting, with garlic-flavoured sausage washed down with *gros rouge* (or "ordinary" red wine) as enjoyed by the simple yokels on the banks of



the Seine! The Branquignols are taking a *demi-muid* or half barrel (615 litres) of the precious tipple with them to keep up their spirits while they are away. The company is composed of 17 players. I'm not particularly good at arithmetic but I wonder whether the wine will not have to be watered towards the end or, preferably, a new supply sent out.

In the rush-to-produce that takes place to provide entertainment for the autumn season and for the crowds that come to

visit the Salon de l'Automobile, First Nights take place every day (if I may be allowed the Irishism) and twice on many evenings. Yesterday I had to choose between the gala presentation of a film inspired by Maupassant's *Une Vie* and the première of this season's variety programmes at the Alhambra, an excellent music-hall of which the only fault is its distance from the centre of Paris.

Une Vie, written by Guy de Maupassant in 1883, is a novel that taught several generations of young persons living the sheltered lives of those days, but who managed to read it on the sly, all about the Facts of Life. Such present-day trivia of course does not transpire in the film which Françoise Sagan (Mme. Guy Schoeler in private life) assures us, in a few introductory words, is "superb" and also "marvellously beautiful and intelligent." We may believe her. Maupassant is too great a writer, Maria Schell is too sensitive an actress and Alexandre Astruc too fine a producer not to have made the most of the melancholy tale. Nevertheless I plumped for the Alhambra and found myself in good company. Sir Gladwyn Jebb was there and led the applause that greeted Wilson, Keppel and Betty, the British trio that always delights Paris. M. Baumgartner, governor of the Bank of France, appeared to be thoroughly enjoying himself also. Minister Pinay's assurance that France's finances are set fair for longer than would have seemed possible last May has certainly made us all happy. We may have to cut down on the caviare and Pommery for a while in order to continue the good work by paying our taxes, but so long as *gros rouge* (see above) and sausage remain available, why complain?

As well as Diplomacy and High Finance all the theatrical world was present, headed by Jean Marais who will be seen in Louise de Vilmorin's adaptation of *Two for the See-Saw* with Annie Girardot at the Ambassadeurs next month. Over here William Gibson's Broadway success will be entitled *Two on a Swing*. Has Mme. de Vilmorin given a new twist to the old proverb so that what you lose on the see-saw is coaxied back on the swings?

For spectators who appreciate magnificent acting one of the most interesting theatrical events of the month is the revival of *Père*, a dramatic comedy by the late Edouard Bourdet, at the Michodière. The play was created in 1942 by two of the finest players in France: Yvonne



At the Paris première of *Une Vie* (the film based on Guy de Maupassant's novel): Françoise Sagan (centre), author of *Bonjour Tristesse*, with Alexandre Astruc, the film director, and Pascale Petit (she starred in the film)

[Continued on page 102]



SEVAN MONASTERY, one of many ancient religious buildings in Armenia. The country is now a Soviet Union republic

*How a photographer
went home to the land
she had forgotten*

Return to Armenia

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION BY IDA KAR

IN EREVAN, the Armenian capital, there is no poor district and no rich district. The new buildings and the old brick huts are all mixed up together. My parents lived in one of the huts in the main street opposite the university, in a group of ten clustered behind the town library with its ancient manuscripts. A prominent sculptor and a doctor are neighbours, and my father (now pensioned) taught mathematics and physics for 16 years in the high school, and French and Persian in the university. Their homes, I found, are two-roomed huts sharing a common courtyard and a toilet that is also used by passers-by from the street. There is no plumbing and water is brought daily in buckets to fill each hut's tank. But there is electricity for refrigerator, radio and air circulation.

Present-day Armenians are a striking combination of primitive customs and modern education. Peasants, cobblers and truck-drivers have at least a high-school education, and most of the younger generation have graduated from university. Yet they still preserve their national customs and practise strict obedience to their parents. A girl is chaste until she marries, and in the churches pre-Christian ceremonies are still common—such as the Sunday blood sacrifice of a chicken or a sheep, a ritual which is blessed even by the supreme Catholicos, Vazgen the First.

[Continued overleaf]

IDA KAR, married to an Englishman, went back this summer to visit her native Armenia, which she had left as a baby. She wanted to see her parents, who returned 21 years ago. After a long journey via Moscow (third class) she received a tumultuous welcome, was invited to exhibit her photographs, and was sculpted (right) by Armenian artist Nigogos Nigogosian



RETURN TO ARMENIA

A people's faces

OUTDOOR LIFE in the hot summer of Erevan includes backgammon (above), played in the courtyard of their homes. A Russian uniform (right) reminds loungers on the steps of the collective market that this is the U.S.S.R. Below: Clocks are now an important industry of Armenia



NATIONAL TRADITIONS survive, as shown (opposite) by the girl in Armenian costume, with long pigtails, and by His Holiness Vazgen the First (top right), who as Catholicos heads the oldest established Christian Church (recognized as the State religion in A.D. 300). He gives lavish dinners, and followers struggle to kiss his robe when he officiates at services. Below, opposite: Representative of the artistic tradition is Nigogos Nigogosian (left), sculptor. But the oldest Armenian tradition of all—cheerful hard work—is represented by the young girl carrying her lunchtime loaves to the factory (which bottles a local brandy)



I went to visit the famous monastery of Gerhard, which is cut out of the rock and dates from the 12th century. We went by bus over terrifying roads in arid mountain country. When we arrived a lamb, of course, had to be killed and a picnic organized in the courtyard with grilled shashlik and dances by pilgrims from America to the accompaniment of local string instruments. Everyone had plenty of wine except the poor driver—there are long terms of imprisonment for any accident on these roads.

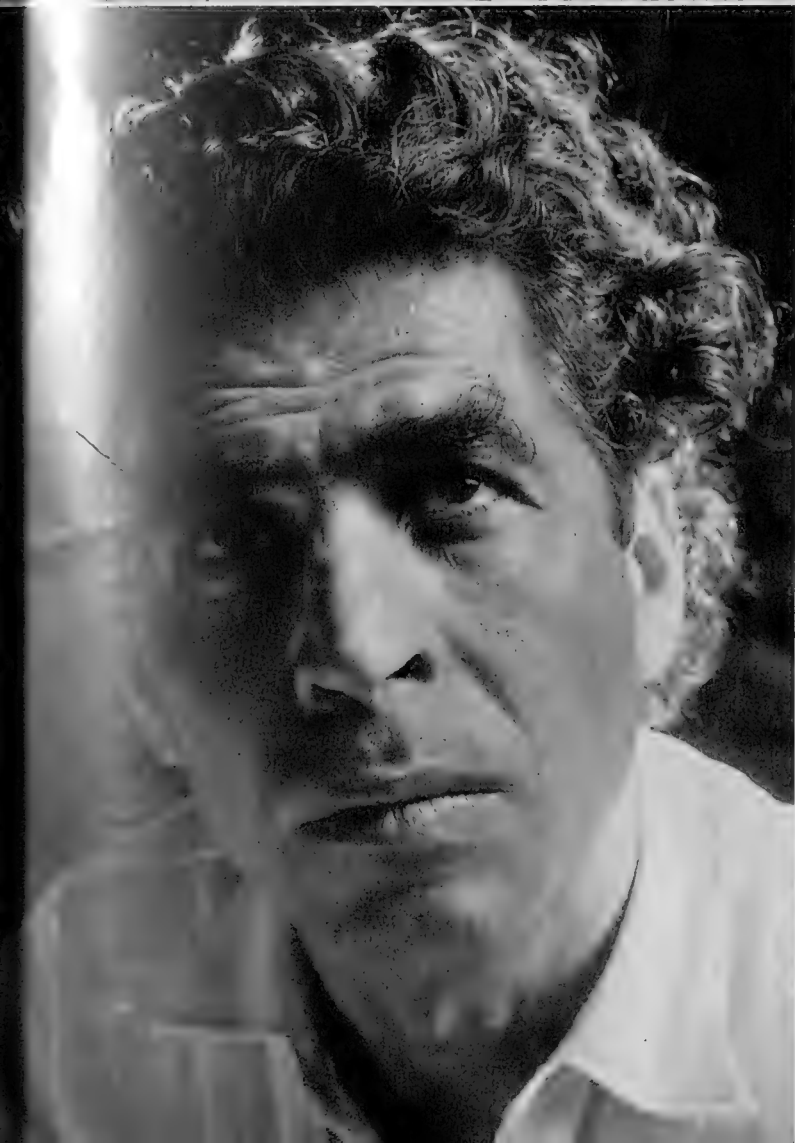
Though life is still hard for them I would say that on the whole the people of Armenia are contented—except those who have been repatriated in the last ten years or so (from France, Egypt, Syria and the United States). Many of these have not adjusted themselves. The people still practise their religion devotedly (Christianity there dates back to the third century) and the churches are crowded on Sundays. It is a family life, with

the people looking at television together (Erevan has its own station), listening to the radio, or sometimes going out to a restaurant to hear their traditional music.

I still carry with me a picture of the hot colours and shimmering towers and peaks of my country, and my pride at belonging to such a warmhearted nation.



CHIEF ARCHITECT of Erevan, G. Aghabian, stands before the decorated cast-iron door of the new market which he designed



BRIGGS by Graham



You can't taste wine without spitting

There's a Ladies' Day now at the fabulous wine-tasting of Lebègue's which opens today. It is an annual occasion in the world of wine. But to do the thing properly, ladies must steel themselves to spit . . .

by B. A. YOUNG

"HERE's a large mouth, indeed," observed the bastard son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge, "that spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas." The mouth he spoke of belonged to one of the citizens of Angiers, not to one of Guy Prince's guests in the magic cellar of Lebègue's at London Bridge; but if Guy Prince's wine-tasting parties had been going on in the 12th century and Philip Faulconbridge had been honoured with an invitation, his reaction might not have been so very different. What sort of people can these be, he might have asked, that spit forth Château Haut-Brion and Richebourg and Romanée-Conti?

Philip, a well-bred if only half well-born young man, would not have remained amazed for long. It may seem odd, the first time you encounter it, to see an assembly of obviously knowledgeable people imbibing from bottle after bottle of wine which, after all, they intend later to sell to the public, and spitting every glassful out into a trough as if they had found a fly in it; but the fact is, they can hardly do otherwise.

There they are, confronted with 189 different bottles, and required to make so astute a judgment on each that they can confidently invest in it for resale to their discriminating customers; what will their condition be if they swallow it? Suppose each of their samples is no bigger than the smallest of single gins (and how small they can be): by the time they have traversed Lebègue's cellars from Stand A to Stand

not forgetting the Domaine de Romanée-Conti on Stand H in the Lady Chapel, they will have consumed something like eight bottles each. . . .

Not that hardy visitors to the cellars don't sometimes make a brave attempt to take this line. Novices especially are apt to start at the beginning and go straight down the stands until (usually about Stand G, where the Burgundies replace the clarets) they fall

over and have to be helped out into the fresh air. This is not regarded as good gastronomic practice, however.

Correct gastronomic procedure may appear less refined at first sight, but the consequences are less untidy. "To taste wine" (and I quote from the booklet entitled *The Future Of Expectoration*, with which Guy Prince accompanied every invitation to his tasting this year) "you must first try its bouquet . . . then roll it round your palate so that the taste buds do their work, then you must form your opinion, and finally *you must spit it out*."

Some people seem to have slightly distorted ideas about this spitting. Visitors to a wine-tasting will *not* be confronted with a circle of connoisseurs standing around a spittoon and projecting gouts of priceless vintages at it in the manner of tobacco-chewing cowboys in the Middle West, pausing only to murmur between spurts, "A gay little wine, but a trifle affected," or, "An amiable claret, though less harmonious than the fifty-two," or, "A trace of *Bodengeschmack*, wouldn't you say?" Nor, on the other hand, will they see them covering their faces tactfully with their handkerchiefs while they rid themselves of their Château Margaux as if it were an intrusive fishbone.

They will find that the founder of the feast has provided a small trough at each stand, rather similar to the troughs from which pigs are fed, but containing nothing more nourishing than sawdust. Into this, each connoisseur, as soon as he has performed his

STOKES JOKES



Where the experts gather

Candles glow and cast a smoky light along the galleries at Lebègues cellar near London Bridge. And among the serried rows of bottles the experts move, lovers of wine to a man—or woman. Ready to savour the bouquet, to taste and then alas—to spit it out

penultimate duty of forming his opinion, will eject his mouthful of wine with the expertise that comes with long practice. This is not the place to start on a do-it-yourself course in spitting; it is enough to say that, properly executed by an experienced *aficionado* of the trough, the action has all the grace displayed by a Teddy Boy expelling his worn-out bubble-gum over the heads of the next three rows in the cinema, and not a fraction of the danger. So much art is there in a beautiful spit, indeed, that there are reputed to be wine-connoisseurs who, having long ago exhausted their capacity for getting excited over wine, still continue to frequent wine-tastings for the pleasure they find in well-turned expectoration.

Here a word of warning is necessary. The spit is nothing without the wine that precedes it and the ritual biscuit, or sliver of cheese, that follows. There is no harm in having a little trough installed in your drawing-room and a standing order for sawdust from the local carpenter; but it is no good pretending that you will get any pleasure from sitting above it with a glass of water and going through the motions without observing the sacred concomitants.

As with all great arts, the devotees of spitting are anxious to see it spread. *Crachisme*, we feel, ought to be no less familiar to the public than *Tachisme*. A few words in the right place, and spitting should become as popular as golf, as home carpentry, as the ballet, as hi-fi, as marijuana. No home will be complete without its spitting-trough. No television programme will be considered sophisticated unless a reference to spitting comes into it. Just as the world of hospitality has been swept during our lifetimes by the dry Martini, by Empire sherry, by vodka, by potato crisps and popcorn and coloured cigarettes, so we should like to see it swept by *Crachisme*. It would give us all something new to talk about; and it would greatly stimulate the consumption of wine.

NEXT WEEK :

Cecily Mackworth

biographer of Villon



Van Hallan



Living on air

by FRANCIS KINSMAN

*I wish I knew what I was going to do—
I wish I had even the ghost of a clue.
Relief in my quandary only extends
As far as attacks from relations and friends:*

*"Well, here you are at twenty-two—
Have you decided what to do?"
How soothing is the old refrain.
Look out! They're coming back again!
"Well, here you are at twenty-three—
Have you decided what to be?"
"Er, not exactly," I retort,
"I'm . . . giving it a lot of thought."*

*A Bank would drive me up the wall
And Industry does tend to pall.
The Diplomatic, or the Bar?
Politics, after Grandpapa . . . ?
Although I say it with regret,
I haven't a vocation yet.
Hark! Someone knocking at the door!
"Well, here you are at twenty-four . . ."*

*So here I am at twenty-five,
Jobless, but glad to be alive.
There is no pleasure quite as sweet
As selling matches in the street,
Or, if low intellect debars,
Flogging Encyclopedias—
Though Fame may leer, and Fortune vamp,
I think I shall remain—a tramp.*



THE
TATLER

At historic Harewood House

WHERE THE QUEEN WILL STAY NEXT
WEEK FOR THE LEEDS MUSIC FESTIVAL

Photographs by KURT HUTTON

The music room with its magnificent 18th-century crystal chandelier. The chairs are Chippendale, covered in Beauvais tapestry. On the walls are landscapes by Anthony Zucchi and a portrait of Mrs. Hale, sister of the first Earl of Harewood, by Joshua Reynolds. The Axminster carpet repeats the pattern of the circular panels in the ceiling by Angelica Kauffmann



Above: The east bedroom. The four poster was designed by Adam and is flanked by twin "Chinese" cabinets by Chippendale



Right: In the dressing-room which will be used by the Queen, a portrait of Lady Frances Douglas hangs over the dressing-table

Left: A Chippendale chair in the east bedroom



Harewood House (third of the great houses on the estate since the erection of the original 12th-century castle) was built by John Carr and Robert Adam in the middle of the 18th century for Edwin Lascelles, a man of considerable wealth and taste. The original north front (*above*) is less obscured by Sir Charles Barry's 19th-century additions than the better-known south front. Edwin Lascelles was succeeded by his cousin who became the first Earl of Harewood and in 1922 the sixth Earl married the Princess Royal (the Queen's aunt and her hostess next week). Many of the rooms in this great treasure house still retain an atmosphere of 18th-century elegance



This is the view of the garden which the Queen will see from the east bedroom. The Harewood grounds were originally laid out by landscape gardener "Capability Brown"

The writing table in the Queen's room was made by Sheraton. The carpet is an Aubusson



THEATRE

A playwright's personal drama

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

Drawings by Glan Williams



EUGENE O'NEILL was, says Anthony Cookman, "the biggest force in the wonderful between-the-wars uprush of the American drama"

THE FEW PLAYWRIGHTS who decide to put the autobiographical facts about themselves on to the stage usually go about the business as obliquely as did Ibsen in his last three plays. A sixth sense warns them that the theatre has a truth of its own and is horribly jealous of any other sort of truth. This is a sense that never bothered Eugene O'Neill. He had no patience with the technical mumbo-jumbo of the stage. Restlessly he tried all the styles, hopeful to the last that he would somehow bend the restrictions he resented to his will and force them to yield him splendid new liberties that Shakespeare, Molière and Racine never knew. Coming in *Long Day's Journey Into Night* to give play-form to a bitterly remembered chapter of his own youth, he naturally is nothing if not direct.

He is concerned less to make a play that will satisfy the pundits than to give the plainest, fiercest, most harrowing account of the family misery out of which there grew the man who, with all his faults as an artist and for all the shameful neglect of his work, will always be reckoned the biggest force in the wonderful between-the-wars uprush of the American drama.

The result now to be seen at the Globe is open to many objections, and on paper these objections have a formidable, almost destructive look. Really they count for little against the crashing, rolling, dominating authority with which the author communicates his memories and the pressure of this pain on his mind. The family misery, shot through with love and hatred and cruelty and kindness, comes over to us in the raw, so to speak, and we are left to make our own comment, which may be that the playwright's philosophy, generally so contemptuous of people and denunciatory of human life, might well be the spiritual heritage of such an upbringing. *Long Day's Journey Into Night* may not be a great or even a good play; it is assuredly a great theatrical experience.

As a play it is repetitive and, once the situation has been explained, develops hardly at all. We remember the scenes, but not the language which brings them about. O'Neill is the almost unique case of a big dramatist who could not find the words he needed to drive home his efforts. The third act of this play is beset with this familiar weakness. It requires a kind of poetic exaltation. This the author attempts to supply by allowing his characters to quote freely from Baudelaire, Swinburne, Wilde and Dowson and by his favourite device of letting speech drift into drunken dithyramb. Yet, despite the in-



THE MOTHER AND FATHER (Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies and Anthony Quayle) of a family torn all ways by their emotional demands on each other

adequacy of the language, the act is unforgettably alive with poignant personal drama.

There is the father, a rich actor whose upbringing as an Irish immigrant has made him a miser. He almost resents the fault, but is powerless to cure it. There is the mother who blames her husband for having hired the cheap doctor who introduced her to morphine. There is the author's younger self who has just learned that he is a consumptive, and there is his older brother, a drunken wastrel who has always got on well with Edmund but now confesses that his friendliness in putting him wise to the ways of the world has been prompted by the wish that they should both share alike in failure. He doesn't want to be the only corpse lying about the house.

All this sounds morbid and depressing, but there is too much real life in the family quartet for it to be either. What saves the characters from drabness is the Celtic temperament. They love each other rather more, on the whole, than they hate each other. Each blames his agony on the other, and each casts the blame on to somebody else. The impression we get is that to live together is for this family ceaseless torment, but not to live together would be death, and torment is to be preferred to death. In the cheerless fogbound summer-house they drink and exchange wounding confidences; and while they are doing their fuddled best to digest each other's confidences the mother drifts in. She is now deep in morphine, and uncovers one by one the layers of her life until she is an innocent girl fresh from the convent and about to marry James Tyrone, the handsome actor. That is how it all began, and it is on that beginning that the curtain falls with enormous effect.

About a quarter of the text has been jettisoned for the English production, and a good thing, too. What survives is ample material for three fine performances and one good one. Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies is magnificent as the drug-addict, now meeting the family's questioning stares with defensive chatter, now turning aggressively on the husband. Mr. Ian Bannen and Mr. Alan Bates are first rate as the brothers, and Mr. Bannen is especially successful in conveying the fine shades of the wastrel's mingled hatred and envy of his brother. Mr. Anthony Quayle seems to me to miss the flamboyance of the old romantic actor and to seem more like a retired farmer who has turned miser, but within his chosen limits he makes all the points of the part incisively.



Hidalgo of the dance

Broad-brimmed black hat shading the face of the dancer, the silent guitar and the shadow of another, establish a mood of sombre grandeur in the Spanish tradition as Antonio and his company of 50 begin their 7th London season this week. Antonio (reputedly earning more than £3,000 a week) is presenting his own version of de Falla's *Three Cornered Hat* at the Coliseum Theatre. Also in the repertoire are *Pas de Quatre*, *Zapateado* and a completely new production of the colourful *Taberna del Toro*

Oxford party—FOR THE "JEZEBEL" PREMIÈRE



Miss Susan Travers (daughter of actress Linden Travers) who appears in the play, with Mr. Meredith Edwards who plays the father. Miss Elizabeth Sweeting (right) is the general manager of the Oxford Playhouse



Miss Annabel Maule, who translated Anouilh's play, introduces her dog Lottie to Hermione Baddeley, one of the stars. The Hon. George Kinnaird looks on. He is a director of John Murray, the publishers



Miss Wendy Hutchinson (she plays Georgette) with Mr. Frank Hauser, who produced the play, and Miss Gillian Hauser, his niece. *Jezabel* (an early play by Anouilh) comes to London soon

Peter Espo

Smile spot



"They swore he was a baby budgerigar when I bought him"



"Got a moment to spare?"

RECORDS

Listen for the beat

by GERALD LASCELLES

TOO MANY JAZZ records today try to sell themselves on their supposed beat. In most cases this is insinuated in some ambiguous title which includes the word "beat" or "rhythm." I do not subscribe to the theory that all records issued under the guise of jazz have a beat. All too few have this vital ingredient, simply because the musicians engaged to play on the sessions do not have the feeling which produces it.

You can read a dozen jazz books, peruse all the record reviews, and read all the technical jargon, without really discovering the truth about this beat business. It is something indefinable on paper, but so essentially part of the music we call jazz that it becomes an overwhelming factor in achieving any understanding of the music. This is something which you **MUST** listen for. It cannot be explained, beyond the trite statement that jazz with a beat carries you along as effortlessly as climbing a mountain by helicopter. Where it is lacking the music is halting and ill-defined, losing purpose and identity.

Confusion always exists between the beat and that other ever-present ingredient, rhythm. The latter is not necessarily more prominent in jazz than in classical music. Anyone who has studied his basic musical theory knows the essential counts—two in a bar, three in a bar, and so on. The subtlety

of the beat is the imperceptible disturbance of this rhythm, even to the point where minor accents on an off-beat can produce quite a marked effect on the music.

The cause of all this exciting mischief is usually the drummer, or better still the whole of a swinging rhythm section, where a good drummer is backed by bass, guitar, and piano. There is no rule of thumb about this. Guitarist Django Reinhardt used to swing all sorts of curious French rhythm sections; bassist Percy Heath swings the Modern Jazz Quartet; the whole rhythm section swings the Basie band; in other

groups soloists from the front line take over the swinging job, but usually they are fronting a rhythm line of more than ordinary susceptibility.

The result is a sort of chain reaction, transmitted right through the band to every member, and the electrification is complete. To say that a band swings, in the sense that most of Armstrong, Morton, Lunceford, Ellington, Hampton, and Waller does, is the highest possible praise in jazz parlance. It is no waste of time to listen and refresh one's memory of such music.

Short measure of jazz with a beat seems to be the policy of the record companies at the present time. I suspect that they think all the rock 'n roll they have served to the public in recent months has filled this demand. They are far short of the truth, if only because they do not recognise that the prefabricated beat introduced by Messrs. Haley, Presley, and others is not synonymous with the live-wire impressions beaten out by the great rhythm-makers, be they drummers, bassists, or other soloists.

SELECTED RECORDS

BASIE, RED ALLEN, ETC.	The Sound of Jazz	Fontana TFL5025
	12-in. L.P. £1 17s. 6½d.	
COLEMAN HAWKINS	The Hawk Flies High	London LTZ-U15117
	12-in. L.P. £1 17s. 6½d.	
SONNY ROLLINS	Way Out West	Contemporary LAC12118
	12-in. L.P. £1 18s. 3d.	
JIMMY LUNCEFORD	And His Orchestra	Brunswick LAT8027
	12-in. L.P. £1 17s. 6½d.	
ERROLL GARNER	Penthouse Serenade	London LTZ-C15125
	12-in. L.P. £1 17s. 6½d.	
LIONEL HAMPTON	Hot Mallets	H.M.V. CLP1023
	12-in. L.P. £1 15s. 10d.	



CINEMA

So cool was their passion

by ELSPETH GRANT

WHEN MR. Bill Travers first hove in view in the title rôle of *Geordie*, the most noticeable thing about him was his size. It still is. Cast as a dedicated schoolmaster and the object of three women's desire in *Passionate Summer*, he does not look at all the born pedagogue and is ruminant rather than romantic, but he is undeniably a near-giant. As a great many females pay more attention to size than content and would any day discard a slightly-built genius in favour of a man as tall and strong as a tree, perhaps this is all that is necessary. It is, in any case, all one gets—and may be the reason why the passion in this picture is somewhat less sultry than it might have been.

Mr. Travers teaches at a co-educational school for white and coloured children, beautifully situated in the hills above Kingston, Jamaica. His stuffy, ineffectual headmaster, Mr. Alexander Knox, has the greatest admiration for Mr. Travers; the headmaster's frustrated wife, Miss Yvonne Mitchell, is in love with him and a precocious 13-year-old she-demon, Miss Ellen Barrie, his most trying pupil, angles for his affection in oblique and maddening ways. Mr. Travers, recently divorced, has no wish to involve himself with either of them—which is so understandable. He finds the best thing to do in order to forget past unhappiness and ignore present irritations is to concentrate on his work—and this he is doing very successfully until Miss Virginia McKenna arrives, a goddess from the machinery.

She is an airline hostess whose plane crashes in the jungle near the school. While she is being nursed in the school sickroom she meets Mr. Travers, who is utterly charmed by her gold and ivory fragility—as Miss Mitchell sadly notes with a wounded-doe look in her own dark, restless eyes. Miss McKenna finds Mr. Travers attractive and seems willing to have an affair with him. Discarded by a married man (Herr Carl Mohnner) whose mistress she had been, she has become disillusioned with life and takes love lightly.

Mr. Travers, sure in his heart that her lightness has been assumed as a protection against being further hurt, accepts the situation and is just about to make the most of it when Herr Mohnner turns up again. Miss McKenna, clearly infatuated, goes back to him. Mr. Travers, though maintaining a stiff upper lip, is upset and Miss Mitchell hopes to console him—but only succeeds in humiliating herself (and infuriating me). When Herr Mohnner once more finds it expedient to return to his rich wife, Miss McKenna is willing to console herself with Mr. Travers. But where will her vacillations lead? The answer is through misunder-

standing to catastrophe—and thence to a credibly happy ending.

Miss Joan Henry's screenplay handles the tangled emotions with a sympathetic understanding of erratic human behaviour. Miss McKenna and Mr. Travers are not ideally cast. They seem too cool against the blazing and lovely Jamaican backgrounds, splendidly photographed in Eastman Colour. The highest praise I can pay Miss Mitchell is that I longed to give her a smart slap. With her drab voice, limply nagging, her nervous smile tremulously lifting her top-lip into a half-snarl, she has a sort of boneless tenacity about her and the "poor little me" attitude she adopts should make the wary run a mile. The best performance, though, comes from 15-year-old Miss Barrie. As the monstrous child pursuing Mr. Travers, she vibrates and glows—displaying a temperament that does not know the meaning of the word inhibition.

Tripped and thrown by the four-letter words with which Mr. Mailer's novel was festooned, I abandoned reading *The Naked And The Dead* about half-way through. It seemed, at that juncture, to be making the point that war has a hideously brutalizing effect upon the men caught up in it. The film, on the other hand, progresses towards a revelation of the inherent decency of the ordinary soldier and a ringing declaration of confidence in the indestructible spirit in man which will survive all wars and tyrannies and every kind of man-made disaster.

This war film—about the U.S. Army invasion and subsequent conquest of a Japanese-held Pacific island—is uncommonly well directed by Mr. Raoul Walsh but it really adds nothing to what one already knows about action in an area with which I have been made all too familiar in the past 17 years.

Mr. Raymond Massey gives an impressive, steely performance as a general who firmly believes in making his troops more afraid of him than of the enemy. Mr. Aldo Ray is properly revolting as the tough sergeant who shoots Japanese prisoners for the gold in their teeth. A flashback informs us that Mr. Ray is so savage because his wife was unfaithful, but it would take more than that to excuse this bull-necked brute's behaviour. Both of these characters are clearly drawn

THIS WEEK'S FILMS

PASSIONATE SUMMER—Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers, Yvonne Mitchell, Alexander Knox, Ellen Barrie. Based on the novel, "The Shadow And The Peak," by Richard Mason. Directed by Rudolf Cartier.

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD—Aldo Ray, Cliff Robertson, Raymond Massey, Lilli St. Cyr, Barbara Nichols. From the novel by Norman Mailer. Directed by Raoul Walsh.



Raymond Massey (above) is the tough general in *The Naked And The Dead*, with Aldo Ray (below) as an equally tough sergeant



and there are others equally vivid among the supporting rôles—Mr. James Best as a gangling, good-hearted Baptist boy and Mr. Robert Gist as an old-timer spitting hate and tobacco juice.

When we come to Mr. Cliff Robertson's performance as the general's reluctant aide, the one humanitarian among the officers, I confess I find it rather hazy. He does not agree with the general's views on handling the men but they don't seriously worry him. In his spare time he dreams of the regiment of women he seduced back home and on active duty he virtually lets his sergeant take command. As Mr. Bernard Braden said on the radio (in a divine impression of Mr. Mumble Brando Method-talking): "I do not dig the basic motivation, Jack . . . er . . . I . . . er . . . I do not latch on to the inner conflict . . . y'know?" But as Mr. Robertson had been entrusted by the scriptwriters, Messrs. Denis and Terry Sanders, with the film's ultimate "message" there surely must have been some indication that he was a significant person. Maybe I dropped off for a moment—overcome with battle fatigue.

STANLEY
PARKER
DRAWS

Hesketh Pearson

Hesketh Pearson, biographer of Wilde, W. S. Gilbert, and Beerbohm Tree, resembles less the popular conception of a literary man than that of a bluff sea captain. He is tall (over six feet) with snowy hair and a face surely tanned by tropic suns and Arctic gales; a constant pipe smoker with an endless flow of anecdote, an unashamed appetite for gossip and a great love of laughter. Originally an actor—his first book was a life of Shakespeare—he found writing easier. “I am a lazy man, love doing nothing,” says Pearson, who lives in Priory Road, St. John’s Wood. But his biographies continue to appear. The newest is Johnson & Boswell. (Heinemann.)



BOOKS I AM READING

What the French are up to

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

SOMETIMES, IN low moments of surfeit and depression, I suffer from the hallucination that foreign literature consists of gloomy businessmen being blackballed from the Country Club (American), passionate peasants cuckolding each other in cowsheds (Italian), and worldly, aged, little girls drinking sombrely in dark bars (French).

The end of a holiday in the sun in France is perhaps not the ideal time or place for a serious investigation of current French writing, what with so many of the pages becoming translucent with *Ambre Solaire* and September being a sleepy time in French publishing. However...

First, the books themselves; the actual objects. Much as I love the feel of fat, paper-backed French books with their coarse paper and uncut pages, I must admit that nevertheless the novels cost on an average around 16s. or more. This means that English novel-readers have no cause to complain of the same price for something that has a hard-bound cover and a shiny jacket thrown in. (If you feel that only about two novels a year are worth buying anyway at any price, bound or unbound, then you are either a reviewer or a jaundiced sour-puss ruining your liver with too much fiction.)

I think what appeals to me about French books is the feeling that they are functional,

non-luxury articles, made expressly for comfortable reading in the bath. (In fact even a trifle too much steam can make them fall apart completely, so you must read with speed and concentration.) The uncut-page gimmick is something I have never quite satisfactorily solved. Since no one except the fully-equipped schoolboy ever owns a paper-knife, one is driven to secreting cutlery about one's person, or cutting away frantically at meals which leads to *salade nicoise* in the opening pages and peaches all over the *table des matières*. Surreptitious hacking with the flap of a packet of book-matches is something one should never confess to openly.

The great advantage of the already cut book is that one has some notion of what one is buying. French publishers are noticeably shy of letting one in on the secret. Where proud, kindly English publishers, eager for one and all to share in their delight, frequently re-write the book for you on the jacket, the reticent French rarely provide blurbs and indeed often tie up the books in fierce paper binders, from which the author's name and half the title peep in a provocative manner. No joy in a French bookshop for those devoted readers who study daily in Foyle's without ever buying a book.

When you think of the expert taste-and-try, prod-and-reject French method of

shopping for food, it is perhaps surprising that this choosy nation has not yet insisted on similar facilities in bookshops. I gather that cut pages were recently tried out as a daring experiment, and proved a dismal failure. All I can suppose is that whereas Englishmen carry the stone-from-horses'-hooves-remover on their penknives, all Frenchmen have a portable paper-knife.

Current French fiction I have cautiously investigated includes *Il Est Plus Tard Que Tu Ne Peuses* (Robert Jaffont) by Gilbert Cestovan, a Catholic writer known in England from his play *It Is Midnight Doctor Schweitzer*.

To anyone labouring under the delusion that all French novels are keenly intellectual and full of a dry, cynical wit and disabused worldliness, this novel might come as a surprise. It is an emotional catalogue of unadulterated misery, tears, tears all the way. The principal characters are a young, childless woman dying of cancer, her passionately devoted husband, a priest, a despairing lawyer, and an orphan child that the childless couple once thought of adopting. The hero is acquitted of the mercy-killing of his wife, falls into a life of nightmare loneliness, tries to adopt the orphan he has rejected but finds that the child has already found foster-parents. What more can happen? Yes, it can—the child dies too. I rather think the message of this book is one of Christian hope; but oh, how Jane Wyman would have cried.

Le Château De La Juive (Flammarion) by Guy des Cars, is one of those nice thick, popular novels which someone must surely film, and is about a sensationally beautiful and intelligent Polish-Jewish woman absolving herself of her wicked past by good works in Israel. Twisted by an early life in

prison-camps, she has effected a marriage with a gallant French aristocrat, and is enraged to find he is penniless and the walls are peeling in his ancestral château. She revives the family fortunes by liaisons with an ex-black-marketeer and a fat Egyptian gun-runner. The gallant hero's proud old mother is driven from her ancestral home and dies of grief. The black-marketeer commits suicide, the Egyptian meets a violent end. The hero returns from defending his country in Algeria to discover all, and is about to show the seductive traitress the old ancestral door, when he meets a bullet that was intended for her (she has betrayed a mysterious and delectably handsome caid, and the Vengeance of the Desert Sands is after her with machine-guns). "It is better so," he murmurs, dying over the steering-wheel. "They have killed you, my love!" she cries; "It is not fair"; endows a foundation for impoverished French aristocrat-babies with her ill-gotten jewels, and turns to a better, purer life.

I enjoyed every moment of it, especially the gorgeous episode when the heroine, bent on an evil international mission, sets out at dead of night to subdue the magnetic caid, wearing red velvet, an emerald ring and a cloud of perfume.

Also read: the new Pierre Daninos, *Vacances A Tous Prix* (Hachette), which is a very enjoyable collection of very essays on the absolute agony of holidays, delectably illustrated with puzzled, scratchy drawings. "Of course, I like the French," says a deeply sophisticated French lady, a seasoned traveller with crocodile baggage, "but the French one meets abroad are impossible . . . talking too loudly . . . so sure of themselves. . . ."

. . . *L'Equivoque Catholique* (Librairie Fischbacher) by Frédérick Hoffet, a passionate, closely argued argument against the power and influence of the Catholic Church, angry and lucidly vehement. There was so much trouble about this book that apparently many of the first copies sent out for review were kidnapped *en route* and never reached their destination.

. . . and *Pour l'Italie* (Julliard) by Jean-François Revel, an enjoyably tart, unkind book of absolute statements to the general

detriment of Italy, especially entertaining on the position of Italian women and the parlous state of love in Italy (a subject about which the writer has something amounting to a vengeful obsession). It contains a gloomy but infinitely readable section based on a day in the life of a rich young Roman girl of absolutely no occupation whatsoever. This is just the sort of book the English expect the French to write — no "maybe's" or "perhaps-es," just splendidly dictatorial "it is so-s."

. . . and the two nicest books I have read for months, Jaurent des Jaivents' peerless *Babar Et Le Professeur Grifaton* (Hachette) (Lascaux-type caves are discovered under Celesteville), and *Fête En Celesteville* (a Brussels-type exhibition is organized to commemorate the anniversary of Celesteville). I count absolutely on English editions of these books appearing at any moment. Why, incidentally, do not English publishers explore French children's books more, instead of giving us so much American juvenilia?



Miss Camilla Marguerite Roberts to the Earl of Erne: She is the daughter of the late Mr. O. G. E. Roberts, & of Mrs. Roberts, Groom Place, London. He is the son of the fifth Earl, and of Lady Davidema Woodhouse of Cavendish Avenue, N.W.8



Miss Ann Veronica Waggett to Mr. Alexander Drummond Gibson. She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Stanley Waggett, Belvedere Road, Alipore, Calcutta. He is the only son of Mrs. Gibson & the late Mr. J. M. Gibson, and lives at King's Court South, Chelsea



Miss Patricia S. Atkinson to Mr. Frederick J. Woodley. She is the only daughter of Mr. C. Atkinson, Holme Chase, Heathfield, & Mrs. Colin Bishop, Piccadilly, W.1. He is the youngest son of Mr. & Mrs. J. Woodley, of Copnor, Portsmouth

Miss Jane Rosemary Fry to Mr. David F. Robson. She is the only daughter of Sir Leslie Fry, K.C.M.G. (Her Majesty's Minister to Hungary), & Mrs. B. G. Ivory, of Yarnbury Grange, Wylve, Wilts. He is the only son of Mr. H. G. S. Robson, & Mrs. A. W. Cornforth, Park Place, St. James's

Miss Ann Johnson to Mr. Stephen Charkham. She is the only daughter of Mrs. Harold Johnson, Belgrave Square, London, & the late Lt.-Col. H. Johnson. He is the younger son of Mr. & Mrs. L. Charkham, Brunswick Gardens, Kensington



Miss Sally Hunt to Mr. Anthony Nisbet. She is the eldest daughter of Sir John & Lady Hunt, of Aston, Berkshire. He is the son of Mr. R. A. Nisbet, Doughty Street, London, W.C.1, and of Mrs. Lawrence Bird, of Coggeshall, Essex



Fabulous
knitwear
for you.



Warm and wonderfully soft, chic and superbly versatile, brushed wool—whether Shetland or mohair—makes fashion news this week—and fabulous news it is. The styles by Pringle of Scotland on these pages and the new wear fashions on succeeding pages were photographed in Grosvenor Square. Some of them against a background of the building which will soon give way to the new American Embassy



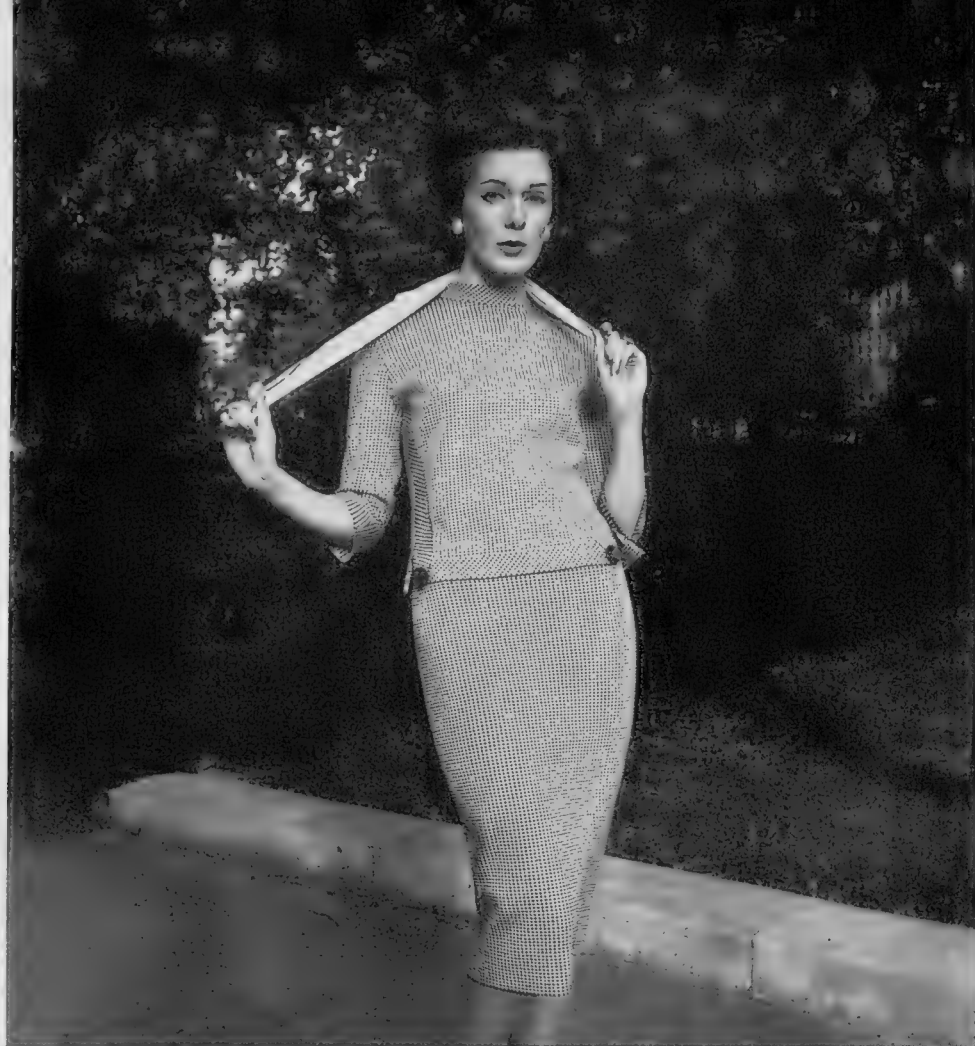
Apt look for autumn (*left*) in Pringle's long-line V-necked jumper with raglan sleeves in natural brushed Shetland wool mixture. Price £3. A casual jacket (*centre*) with a fly-away collar and two hip pockets, is worn over the jumper. In natural brushed mohair and wool bouclé the price is 8 gns. (*Above*): A golfer cardigan in natural brushed Shetland wool warm enough for the coldest winter days to come. It is banded with ribbon and fastened with pearl buttons. Price : £3 19s. 6d. All three styles are at Simpsons (Piccadilly), W.1

Photographs by Michel Molinare

NEWS IN KNITWEAR

(continued)

Fitting equally well into the background of town or the countryside this jumper suit by Swyzerli is a fine two-way knit jersey in tiny navy blue and white check. The top is buttoned on the hips and has slits at the sides, the skirt is straight. From Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W.1, price 17 gns.



By Tricosa a gay plaid design knitted in fine jersey which can be belted (as shown) or allowed to hang loosely. Predominantly red with a diamond pattern in black and white. From Cresta Sports, Hampstead Garden Suburb; Madame Wright, Cheltenham, and Maxwell Croft, Bath, the price is about 17½ gns.



Slender and chic—that's the jersey line

—AND IN THE
HAND-KNITTED
SUITS AS WELL



Michel Molinere

A suit knitted by hand in beige wool and silk by Madeleine, 31 Baker Street, W.1. The jacket is trimmed at the back by a belt and both jacket and skirt are straight. Madame Madeleine, who is of the haute couture in hand-knitted clothes, makes to measure and also has a large stock of ready-to-wear coats and suits

Muted green and black check in double-knitted fine jersey for an autumn day of sunshine and shadow. The jumper has a stand-away rolled collar and three-quarter sleeves. By St. Joseph from Robell, Baker Street, W.1, and Mary Lee, Tunbridge Wells. Price about £21 5s. In various other colour combinations



(Above) You'll keep warm when the sun goes in with this suit which has a jacket in royal blue brushed wool with a large cape collar hugging the neck. It is trimmed with ribbing to match the straight knitted skirt. By Dorville the price is about 14½ gns. from Wakefords, Chelsea, and Joan Sutherland, Maidenhead. The suit will be available at the end of the month

(Right) Glowing apricot to match the tints of autumn, a long-line brushed wool cardigan by Holyrood from Dickins & Jones, Regent Street, W.1, and Brights, Bournemouth. The price: about £3 15s. 9d. and there is a range of various colours

NEWS IN

KNITWEAR *continued*

Brushed wool makes a hit
but with many the
choice is still cashmere...

When the su



goes in



Soft and smooth, a pale primrose cashmere jumper by Lyle & Scott with a small collar and trimming in front with an X effect. Price: 7½ gns., from Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W.1



Michel Molinaro

Stone-coloured brushed wool makes this attractive jacket with its toning "fancy knit" revers and pocket trimming. By Holyrood it comes in several colours from Dickins & Jones, Regent Street, and Brights, Bristol. Priced at about £5 19s. 6d.

IT COULD BE
FOR YOU IF . . .

Fringes are your fancy

—OR THAT EXCLUSIVE ITALIAN LOOK



THE Italian invasion persists as a more or less constant factor of the London fashion scene today with many charming styles and a price range which is equally attractive. Debenham & Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W.1, show a small exclusive Italian Ready-to-Wear collection (prices from 16½–45½ gns.) mostly in silks, brocades richly threaded with gold, and velvets. Sizes range from about 36–44 hips. We choose two completely dissimilar styles from the collection which were photographed in the foyer of the Royal Court Theatre by kind permission of the English Stage Company.

Choice for a vamp perhaps, the dress (*left*) is heavily fringed, a specially noticeable fashion feature this year. The material is a fine printed crêpe with the multi-coloured toning fringe. Price: 16½ gns. The black cocktail 'nonsense' hat by Otto Lucas is mounted on a velvet bandeau and can be bought at Debenham & Freebody.

The slim sheath cocktail dress (*right*) in dove-grey and copper on oyster silk taffeta gains added elegance from two flying panels at the back. Price: 36½ gns. Rhinestone ear-rings priced at 2 gns., pendant necklace £3 12s. 6d., and bracelet £1 12s. 6d., are also from Debenham & Freebody.

Photographs by
Peter Alexander





Contemporary design has now invaded the nursery. This black-and-white dressing table (£19 7s. 3d.) is part of a suite. Harrods



The Dutch playpen, made in plastic mesh with a wooden floor, folds flat (£10 10s.). The canvas-seated rocker in blue and white is French (£1 18s.). The Big Ears toy costs £6 15s. 6d. Harrods

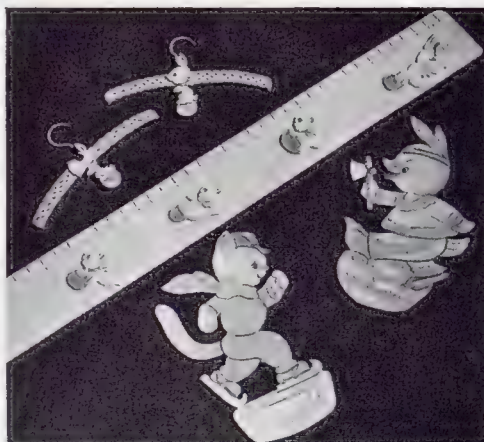
SHOPPING

Child-size fashions in furnishing

by JEAN STEELE



The combined chest of drawers and wardrobe is hand-painted in white, pink and blue with a pattern which matches the background nursery fabric (£23 3s. 6d.). From Harrods



The ornaments (left) come from Italy. The wall measure costs 39s. 6d. The hangers are covered with gingham and have cut-out animals on them (5s. 6d.). The wall plaques are made in several designs (25s. each). The rainbow pattern of glazed cotton (above) was designed by the French cartoonist Jean Effel (15s. 9d. a yard)

The rainbow pattern by Jean Effel is repeated on the brush and comb set (29s. 6d.), and the waste paper bin (25s. 6d.) which can also be obtained in other designs. The table lamp in white china is Danish (£5 5s.). The shade costs £2 7s. 6d.



Dennis Smith

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BEAUTY

Rocking the inches away

JEAN CLELAND

THE CRAZE for rock 'n' roll is now popular not only with teenagers, but with their elders, many of whom have adopted it as a means of defeating middle-aged spread. I was told about rock and roll years ago, by one of the world's finest experts on physical culture. I was staying in New York City, complaining about the effect on my figure of the overwhelming hospitality that had been showered upon me. "If I remain so much longer my clothes will be 'bustin' all over,' and I shall have nothing to wear. The sooner I make for home, and a change of frugal fare, the better."

The physical culturist said: "You don't need to diet too vigorously, because you don't need to slim all over. What you do need is to fine down here and there, and get your figure streamlined. I'll tell you right now one of the quickest and most effective ways of doing it. It is simple, but to produce results, it must be done regularly for 5 or 10 minutes every day. It's just this, rock and roll, rock and roll, rock and roll."

For the next 10 minutes I watched, while she demonstrated various exercises expressly designed to rock, roll, and twist away the inches. If her figure was anything to go by, the results were highly gratifying, and well worth the small effort of a short daily session.

All that was some years ago. Since then, various methods (several of which I have described) have been introduced for doing away with too generous curves. While some of these are extremely effective, the right kind of exercises also have their uses, especially for those who cannot go in for the specialized salon treatments. Of the exercises, I know of none better than the rock and roll set worked out to influence the waist, the hips and the thighs. These are the parts that, as a rule, are in need of attention.

Here are movements which have been tried and proved effective. I have selected

Rock, rock and rock again
backwards and forwards
without stopping (see
exercise seven)



them from those which I have collected ever since that American visit.

1. ROCK : Kneel down with knees and feet wide apart, and arms stretched outwards. Bend the body to each side alternately, trying to touch the floor with the finger tips. Right, left, and so on. Keep the back quite straight and the buttocks in.

2. ROLL : For the hips and buttocks. Lie flat on the back with the arms stretched out, and with the palms on the floor. Roll the lower part of the body over to the right, then back to first position, then over to the left. Keep the legs straight. Roll well over on to each hip, and as you do so, allow each leg to come on top of the other alternately.

3. ROCK and ROLL : Lie on the back with the arms to the sides. Stretch the legs straight up at right angles to the body. Bend the knees, swing them over to the right, and then lower them to the floor on the right side. Lift the knees and straighten up to the first position. Bend the knees again, and lower them to the floor on the left side. Repeat several times and see to it that the upper part of the body is flat on the floor the whole time.

4. ROCK : Kneel down with feet straight behind, knees together, hands flat on the front of the thighs just above the knees. Tighten the muscles of the thighs and buttocks and sway back as far as possible keeping the back straight. Come forward again and repeat several times, just rocking backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards.

5. ROCK : Sit down with the legs wide apart. Bend the upper part of the body forward and touch the floor with the hands. Then by small movements, try to get as far forward as possible.

6. ROLL : Sit down with legs wide apart. Hold the arms up above the head. Swing the



upper part of the body and the arms over towards the right leg, keeping the head between the arms, so that it does not drop forwards on to the chest. Swing the body up to original position and then over towards the left leg. Continue without stopping, first to the right and then to the left. This exercise must be done energetically.

7. ROCK : Sit on the floor with the knees drawn up to the chest. Put the arms down between the knees and grasp the ankles firmly. Throw the body back, and rock backwards and forwards without stopping. If this is done swiftly, there should be enough impetus to get from the backward roll up to the original position each time.





MOTORING

Italians get the credit

The Rover of 1953
by Farina

by GORDON WILKINS

BEFORE LONG, well over half the cars sold in Britain will have bodies designed by Italian stylists.

I estimate contracts already signed by British manufacturers will bring Italian body designers not less than £150,000 and critics are naturally asking: "Have we no talent at home?" Not a lot, I'm afraid. The annual design competitions run by the Institute of British Carriage and Automobile Manufacturers (you can see the winning drawings at the entrance to the Motor Show) unearth very little new talent. If a good man emerges he is immediately snapped up (one became head of Ford's styling studios), but there are usually many pedestrian applications of ideas already evolved elsewhere.

However, no country has a surplus of good designers; the problem is to find and develop them. American manufacturers organize design competitions for schoolchildren which produce entries of extraordinarily high quality. There are valuable scholarships as prizes. In Italy the way is easy for there is still an active coachbuilding trade where working proprietors produce bodies to order or modify standard models. Here the young designer can learn his trade working with the sheet metal workers. Cars are rarely drawn in all their detail. The body designer like the dress designer works with a few sketches and then goes to work with the material—cutting, shaping and tacking until the desired line is obtained. He depends much on the skill and imagination of his "tin bashers" who can build a complete body in metal faster and more cheaply than workers in other countries can produce clay or plaster models.

In England it is difficult for a youngster to gain varied experience quickly. Only the biggest manufacturers have fully equipped design studios where there is a large flow of work. Purchase tax and high production costs have caused a large proportion of specialist coachbuilders to abandon the trade, and British sheet metal workers have the reputation of being among the most militant in the industry, with an inexhaustible repertoire of restrictive practices. If a young designer should succeed in finding an enthusiastic team (Colin Chapman owes a great deal to the small firm with working proprietors which produces the Lotus body panels) he then has to find hundreds of pounds in purchase tax before the car can be registered. Even the best foreign designers rarely get a line right first time. It evolves over a series of bodies, and 60 per cent purchase tax on top of high labour costs is a heavy burden on a young enterprise. So we have no young Farinas, Bertones,

Ghias, Michelottis or Anderlonis and we have to pay big money to foreigners.

Another problem is finding the right fittings and accessories. No woman would spend a large sum on a new gown and then throw on any accessories she happened to find in the drawer, but this is what our car designers often seem to be doing. The designer who wants something new in door handles, bumpers, lamps, switches, steering wheels and other accessories is apt to be told, "Here is what we are making; anything else will take months to produce and cost a lot more." Frequently he knows he will get little support from a cost-conscious management and takes what he can get. But a

basic principles which one dare not ignore. First comments reaching me from foreign observers suggest that the appearance of the new Rover 3-litre is arousing less enthusiasm than its excellent mechanical design. The formula is perfectly up to date, but the lamps and script clustered like barnacles on the front wing obscure the line just where it ought to be strong and clear, while the thick centre bar in the grille emphasizes height at a time when everyone else is emphasizing width and trying to make their cars look as low as possible. This set me looking through the files for the design which Pinin Farina produced for Rover five years ago (top, left).

It was hailed enthusiastically by the critics. One motor magazine said "This car with its absence of unnecessary ornamentation is one of the highlights of the show."

The latest Italian design to go into production is the Superleggera body evolved by Carrozzeria Touring for the new 140 m.p.h. 3.7-litre Aston Martin DB 4 (centre). Here it is not just a matter of appearance. The David Brown group have switched entirely to Italian methods of production, abandoning their tubular chassis in favour of a sheet steel platform carrying a light tubular body frame covered with aluminium panels.

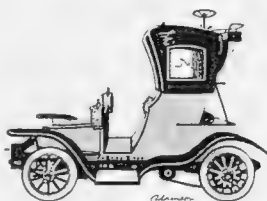
The third photograph (bottom, right) shows the new Humber Super Snipe. This is a purely British design in which the influence of the Oldsmobile of 1955 is discernible but not dominant. It has the same overall dimensions as the Humber Hawk, but a new high efficiency 2.6-litre six-cylinder engine giving 112 horsepower puts it into the 95 m.p.h. class and should make it one of Europe's outstanding touring cars. With its luxurious interior it will attract a lot of attention at a basic price of £995.



The Aston Martin DB4

managing director who is paying large sums to a foreign stylist feels obliged to see that he gets the accessories he wants. So on the first two new cars created by Italian stylists we have two new bumper designs and a host of interesting detail fittings. The Italians get the credit for originality.

Given the right environment British designers should be perfectly capable of developing a British style which would win world-wide acceptance, but there are some



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PRISCILLA IN PARIS [Continued from p. 74]

Printemps and Pierre Fresnay. They played the rôles of two young lovers and they were—to quote James Agate—exquisite. Now, 16 years later in this revival, they have chosen to play the elderly parts of a mother and father and—to quote *tout Paris*—they are brilliant. In these days of face-liftings, slimmings, toupées and hair-dyes (the neither of them requires be it said) has one ever heard of such unnecessary honesty? I think we are a little angry with them, but how we admired them and what a welcome they received!

A hush-hush rehearsal was held at the Théâtre de l'Etoile recently. This October Yves Montand is appearing at that theatre in a series of song-recitals after an absence of three years. Last winter he acted in *The Witches of Salem* and starred in several films, but we have missed his singing. The rehearsal took place behind closed doors in privacy from the usual crowd. No professional critics, no fans, no dear old pals, no beloved enemies; only a few privileged guests were smuggled in with the 800 technicians and workmen belonging to the firm with which Montand makes his records. This is the sort of audience that knows all the answers and is not easy to please, but pleased it was! Sixteen new songs were heard and most of them are likely hits. Three years ago Montand's one-man show lasted three months, this time it will probably last six and Simone Signoret is smiling. Simone is Mme. Yves Montand and a great little actress. London certainly remembers one of her first successes; it was the title rôle of a highly praised film: *Golden Marie*.

Parisians, who are rather inclined to be "abstentionists," are taking their voting for the *référéndum* seriously; habitual weekends were sacrificed and we all stayed in town to do our duty. Few of us made a secret of our opinion and innumerable celebrities proclaimed their "ayes." Amongst the many were Ambassador Léon Noel; the duc de Broglie, the great scientist; André Maurois, member of the French Academy and biographer of Disraeli, Byron, Shelley and . . . *le colonel* Bramble. Not of the Académie but the biographer of another well-known military hero: Pierre Daninos the author of Major Thompson, voted too. From Hollywood, Maurice Chevalier's emphatic "oui" arrived via the French Consulate, Marcel Achard's from New York.

As for the yes-ists of the people they rolled up in their thousands. Even my concierge, who usually takes her ease on Sunday morning, was out and about when the polling station opened at 8 a.m. Unfortunately, in her excitement, she forgot to take the dustbins in after the collecting van had passed and was given a ticket by the *agent de service*. She so lost her head over this professional lapse that, a little later, she dropped the ticket into the urn instead of her vote and is now wondering whether she is in danger of being arrested for . . . lèse-General!

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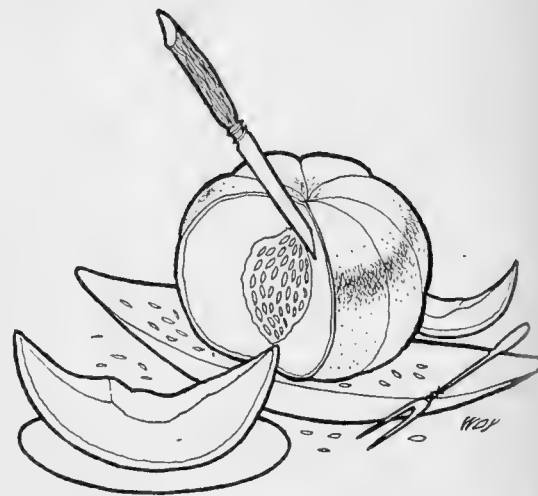
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DINING IN

Let's have a bean feast

by HELEN BURKE

AS SUMMER passes and autumn sets in, I find my thoughts turning to those dishes we have not enjoyed for the best part of a year—food which takes longer to cook but which is probably less expensive. I have in mind those slender green flageolets, hardly dry, and the fatter, rounder milky-white haricot beans we do not easily come by unless we make a journey to those shops which specialize in Continental products.

I feel I can hardly wait for the new season's dried beans to have again succulent roast boned and rolled shoulder of lamb, lightly laced with garlic, Brittany style, surrounded by golden soft sliced roasted potatoes and either flageolets or haricot beans—gently cooked in water (enough to cover them), then drained and turned in the residue of the roasting tin, first freed of most of the fat.

But beans, even the new season's dried flageolets, are sometimes disappointing when they are prepared in the accepted way—that is, well washed, soaked overnight, then slowly cooked. I have discovered that it is better to pressure-cook them, when they remain whole and are as tender as butter. In the early stages, dried beans should not be cooked in salted water. Add the salt when they are sufficiently cooked not to be hardened by it.

Another meat and bean combination—Chili Con Carne—is a wonderful autumn and winter dish. It is simple, wholesome and ideal for the family and guests alike. A large pot or casserole of Chili Con

Carne is almost the best easy-to-serve-and-eat dish I know for a party of hungry young people, especially a help-yourself party.

There are many recipes for this dish. This is the one I like: For 5 to 6 servings, start with 2 lb. lean stewing steak cut into smallish pieces. Gently brown them in a tablespoon of olive oil or bacon fat, stirring the while. Meanwhile, have 6 to 8 chilli peppers soaking in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water in a bowl.

Split the chillies and remove the seeds. Place the pods in a mortar with 2 cloves of garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon marjoram and a tiny pinch of caraway seeds and pound them to a paste with a pestle.

Add 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons of flour to the meat and brown it a little. Add and stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint hot water or stock, then the chilli paste and salt to taste. Add also, to taste, a little of the water in which the chillies were soaked, but do not have the mixture more pungent than desirable. Simmer all these together. Finally, add 6 to 8 oz. of par-boiled brown kidney beans, cover and cook slowly until both the beans and meat are tender.

While I do not think that tomatoes are required in this dish, many people do add them. When I vary the dish, I add up to a dessert-spoon of tomato purée to the browned flour and work it in. Others do not bother to cook or par-boil the beans but lessen the cooking time considerably by using 1 to 2 cans of beans in tomato sauce. In this case, no other tomatoes or tomato purée need be added.

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DINING OUT

A night to remember

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

IN ANY GIVEN year there will always be one or two gastronomic occasions which you will remember for a long time, either because of their quality, the company present, or something exceptional about the wine and the food presented. If you are lucky, it may be a combination of all three.

Looking back over the first nine months of 1958 I am certain a recent dinner held in a private room at Prunier's will qualify.

Our host was Gerald Asher of Asher Storey & Company, wine merchants in the City of London; the occasion—to celebrate the arrival of a considerable consignment of wines of one sort or another from Henri Maire, whose vineyards around Arbois are the largest in the Province of the Jura.

The guests were: Mme. Prunier (she only had time for a glass of Vin Fou), M. Jacques Pouchard, Commercial Counsellor at the French Embassy; Elizabeth David; Mr. & Mrs. Denzil Batchelor, Nancy Spain and Monica Danbury.

The wines, most of which the guests present had never tasted before and many of which they had never even heard of, were:

Vin Fou, Blanc Brut, Cuvée Henri Maire; Château Chalon, Vin Jaune (1949); Blanc de Blancs, Côtes du Jura; Frédéric Barberousse, Vin Rouge d'Arbois; Françoise de Montfort, Vin Rosé d'Arbois; Vin Fou Rose Pompadour, Cuvée Henri Maire.

It was 200 bottles of Vin Fou (crazy wine) that the French President sent to the Big Four Conference at Geneva in 1954.

Special mention must be made of the Rosé d'Arbois, Françoise de Montfort, because the cask from which this bottle had been filled had travelled 237,000 miles rocking about in the hold of a ship—La Bourdonnais—for three years in the South Seas before it was tapped! This was customary in the 18th century, especially with wine such as sherry, and appears to have some odd effect on the maturing of the wine.

I have been to Arbois regularly for the last six years but no Rosé I tasted there was like this one.

The menu was also extraordinary: Les huitres ou consommé brunoise, le turbot Jurassienne, le marcassin au vin d'Arbois "Retour des Iles," purée de marrons, l'ananas voile, les petits fours, le café.

Le turbot Jurassienne is a dish marinated in Jura wine before small pieces of fat are inserted into

the fish with needles before cooking. It was a delight, everybody finishing it up the same way—with a spoon. It was so good.

Le marcassin au vin d'Arbois "Retour des Iles" was a young wild boar cooked in some of the wine which "had returned from the isles." This dish was created by Maître Chef Raymond Oliver of the Grand Vefour Restaurant in Paris. He presented it at a dinner to celebrate the arrival in Paris of Henri Maire and the cask of wine. Some of this "creation" was flown over to London the same night in a special container for our dinner party at Prunier's the next day.

The dish appeared to be a thin slice of wild boar wrapped into a cone and filled with a strong paté—too potent for most of us. Certainly a speciality which I suppose I shall never experience again.

When I received an invitation to a reception from Le Conseiller Culturel de l'Ambassade de France, to mark the launching of A Book on Burgundy (Lund Humphries, London, 3 gns.). I said to myself: "Impossible, not another book on wine!" I thought of the 56 books I already had and felt I should soon be submerged by them. However, this is no ordinary book.

It is beautifully produced and profusely illustrated with lithographs (in colour as well as black and white) by Denis Mathews. He found himself sketching in the vineyards of Burgundy and was so captivated by what he saw that he stayed three months instead of a week. By good fortune he met Pierre Poupon and Pierre Forgeot, who have an immense knowledge of viticulture. They were so enchanted by his pictures that they formed a successful "entente cordiale," and wrote the script in the form of letters to the artist.



Mme. Prunier and Chef Muller (he has been with Pruniers for over 20 years). The Jura wine is for the Turbot Jurassienne



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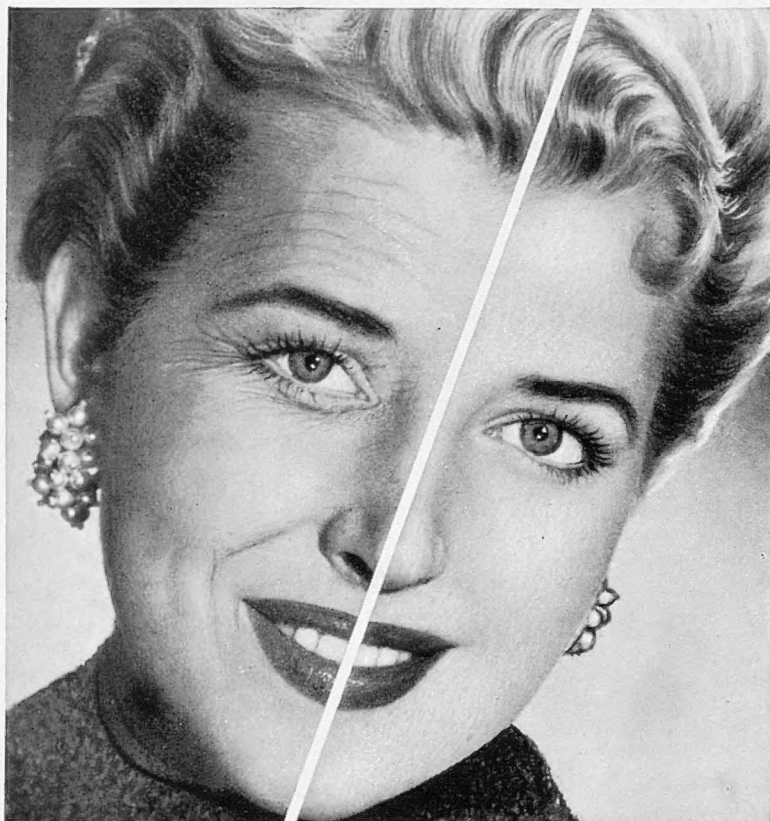
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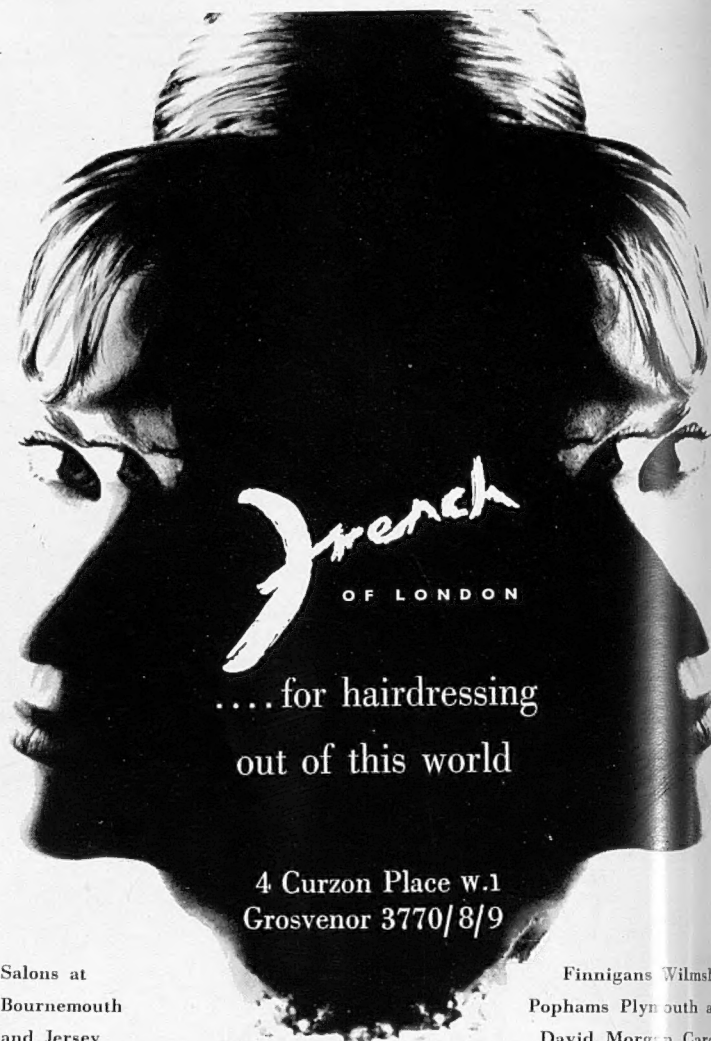
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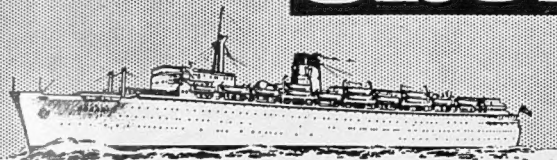


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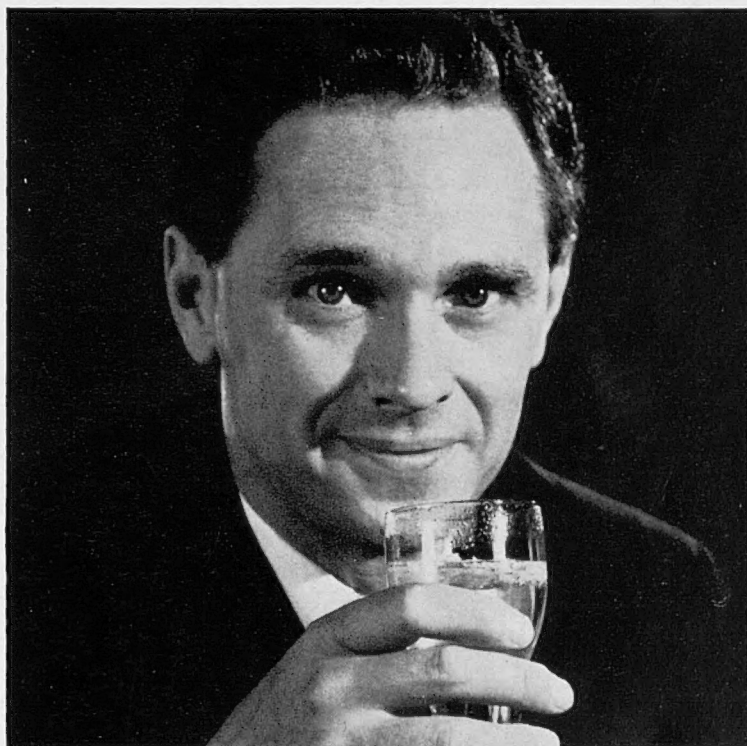
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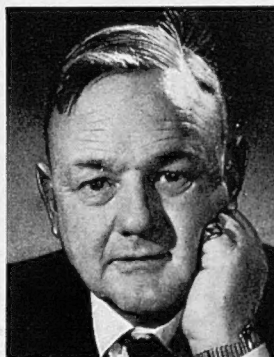


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